# HARPER'S WEEKLY.
## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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## HON. JAMES L. ORR, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE.

It is a coincidence worthy of remark that both branches of our National Legislature are presided over by comparatively young men. The subject of this sketch, the Hon. James L. Orr, Speaker of the House of Representatives, is in his thirty-sixth year. Mr. Orr is of Irish extraction. His paternal ancestor emigrated to this country, and settled in Pennsylvania about 1730. His maternal ancestors came also from Ireland about 1786. His grandfather, Jehu Orr, a native of Wake County, North Carolina, was a brave soldier and true patriot in the Revolutionary War. Christopher Orr, his father, was a highly respectable and successful merchant, who devoted his means liberally to the education of his children. James L. Orr was born on the 12th day of May, 1822, at Craytonville, Anderson District, South Carolina. He began his studies when quite young at a country school, from whence he was transferred to an academy at Anderson, and while there, engaged in the ardent pursuit of learning, he still found time to assist his father as a book-keeper and salesman, thus early blending habits of practical industry and usefulness with those of research and study. In his eighteenth year he was sent to the University of Virginia, where, by constant application, he acquired great proficiency in the higher branches of learning, laying deep the foundations of future knowledge and usefulness, while at the same time he won an enviable reputation among his fellow-students by his manly, generous, and honorable deportment. He left college in 1841, and devoted two years to general improvement, by mingling in society and pursuing a judicious course of reading. In 1842 he entered the law-office of Judge Whitner; and in 1843, after passing a highly creditable examination, he was admitted to the bar. He began the practice of the law at Anderson, and during the first year he also established and edited a newspaper called the *Anderson Gazette*, thus pursuing his favorite system of full mental occupation, to the exclusion of idle frivolities. Mr. Orr still found time to mingle with, and became thoroughly known to, and appreciated by his fellow-citizens. As a proof of their regard and confidence, he was elected, in 1844, when a little more than twenty-two years old, to the Legislature, from the Pendleton District, by a larger vote than any other candidate in the State received. His career in the Legislature was distinguished by usefulness through the exercise of sound sense and good judgment, rather than by any attempts at brilliant display; and yet his very first speech, which was in opposition to a movement intended to commit South Carolina to the doctrine of Nullification in regard to the tariff of 1842, gave him at once the reputation of an eloquent and able debater, and placed him in a leading position. His speech was received with applause throughout the State, and characterized as "one of the boldest, plainest, and most sensible of the whole discussion." Mr. Orr also advocated with great earnestness and ability the choice of presidential electors by the people—the practice being then, as now, in South Carolina, to elect them by the Legislature; thus, in defiance of custom and prejudice, giving a pledge in the beginning of his career of his devotion to popular rights.

In 1848 Mr. Orr became a candidate for Congress. His opponent, who took the field some months in advance of him, was a lawyer of great talents and high reputation. They were both Democrats, and the contest resolved itself into one of personal popularity. After an animated and exciting canvass, Mr. Orr was elected by 700 majority—a flattering proof of the appreciation in which he was held, and a high tribute to his ability and worth. From that time to the present he has continued to hold his seat, being re-elected at the close of each term without opposition.

When Mr. Orr entered the Thirty-first Congress that body presented a brilliant array of talent. In the Senate were Calhoun, Clay, Webster, Cass, Douglas, and Benton; in the House Winthrop, Toombs, Stephens, M'Dowell, Bayly, and others of eminent ability. Among these the young statesman soon assumed a position which commanded both respect and esteem. He spoke seldom, but was always listened to with attention, and rapidly won his way to distinction. The principal speech made by him in this Congress was on the agitation of the Slavery Question, which he earnestly deprecated. His speech is marked by a high tone, calm, cogent reasoning, and sound constitutional doctrine.

It was during this Congress that the Compromise Measures were passed. Most of their features were opposed by Mr. Orr, on what he considered Constitutional grounds. These measures were much condemned in his State; and when he returned home, in March, 1851, he found a formidable party organized in favor of secession from the Union by South Carolina *alone*. A Constitutional Convention had been called, and a majority of the delegates elected were pledged to vote for secession. Mr. Orr had been opposed in the beginning to the call for this Convention, taking ground that, if wrong had been done to the South, it was impolitic for any one State to attempt to redress it. The delegates elected from his own Congressional district to this Convention were two to one in favor of secession. He did not hesitate, nevertheless, to proclaim boldly his opposition to their policy, and, in a public speech at Pickens, a few days after his return, he warned his constituents, eloquently and earnestly, against the disasters which would inevitably follow. The "Southern Rights Associations" which had been formed the previous winter determined on holding a general convention in Charleston, which convention Mr. Orr attended as a delegate from Anderson. This body was distinguished for its intelligence and moral worth; and it was believed that the extreme opinions of the ultra party were largely in the ascendency. Mr. Orr introduced the resolution upon which the minority founded their report, and sustained it in a patriotic, fearless, and manly speech. Only about *thirty members*, out of 450, supported his views. He did not, however, quail before mere numbers, or shrink from his honest convictions. He maintained his position; his speech was published by the co-operation party, and circulated throughout the State; it produced the most powerful effect; and in October following, Mr. Orr and his colleague, Colonel Irby, were elected to the Southern Congress, which had been proposed, by an overwhelming majority over two talented and popular gentlemen, the candidates of the secession party; the majority in the State for Mr. Orr's party being over 8000! The welfare of the country was at stake, and the occasion called forth all his energies and self-sacrificing devotion.

That the crisis was one full of alarm and danger must be admitted even by those farthest from the scene, and most disposed to deny both the right and power of a State to secede; and that Mr. Orr, in the very opening of a brilliant political career, hazarded his future hopes and prospects to a sense of right and duty, entitles him to the regard of every true lover of the Union. His triumph was highly honorable to himself, and fixed him more firmly than ever in the esteem and affections of his constituents.

The Congressional career of Mr. Orr, which a want of space prevents us from noticing more in detail, has been both a brilliant and a useful one. Always sustaining his positions with eloquence and force of argument, and exhibiting great fairness in debate, he has commanded attention, and exercised a powerful influence over the questions of the day. His habits of thorough investigation and analysis, and his tenacious adherence to his convictions of right, have frequently placed him at the head of important committees; and his reports are among the ablest in our legislative records. As chairman of the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, during the discussion of the most important and exciting measures, he displayed so much promptness, firmness, and intelligence in his decisions that he won the confidence and respect of men of all parties; and at the commencement of last Congress he was almost unanimously selected by the

HON. JAMES L. ORR, OF SOUTH CAROLINA, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE.—[Photographed by Whitehurst, of Washington, D. C.]

Democrats as their candidate for Speaker. His party were, however, in the minority, and his election failed. When the present session of Congress opened Mr. Orr was nominated, without opposition, and elected its presiding officer. So far he has justified the expectations of his friends and of the party which placed him in the chair. In the fulfillment of the duties of his present position Mr. Orr will doubtless add honorably to the reputation he now enjoys. He is too wise a man not to perceive that while fidelity to party was the best ladder for him to rise to his present height, impartial neutrality will now serve his fame and ambition better.

The personal appearance of Mr. Orr is bold and striking. He possesses a manly form, a dignified bearing, a kindly and courteous manner, and a cheerful disposition. His countenance is open and intellectual; and his phrenological developments indicate promptness and decision of character, combined with considerable powers of analysis.

Colonel Orr married, in 1843, Miss Mary Jane Marshall, daughter of Dr. Samuel Marshall, of Abbeville District.


# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, February 27, 1858.


## MARCH OF IMPERIAL DESPOTISM.

Events point to the prospect of a new revolution in France. Exasperated at the late nefarious attempt upon his life, and fortified by the unanimous expression of sympathy which that event elicited from the civilized world, the Emperor is pushing his despotism beyond the limits of human forbearance. Not satisfied with having crippled the press, he is now fast crushing it out altogether. Journal after journal is suppressed on pretenses which are absolutely ridiculous. One paper has been "warned" for stating that "the telegraph says that the Emperor's speech was applauded," instead of assuming the responsibility of the statement and asserting that "the Emperor's speech was applauded." Another has been suppressed for simply alluding to the historical fact that the Bourbons were seldom attacked in the streets. The most influential and able journals of France are restricted to theatrical criticism and scientific disquisition; and the people of the French cities—to whom political journalism is as decided a necessary of life as it is to us—are unceremoniously told to content themselves, instead, with reviews of new comedies, essays upon caloric, and mild romance. To crown the work fitly, M. de Morny proposes to abolish newspapers altogether.

It may seem absurd to talk of the liberty of the citizen in France. It would seem, however, from a bill now before the French Legislature, that the constitution of 1851 did leave some shadow of liberty to the French citizen, and that that shadow it is now proposed to take away. The bill in question authorizes the arrest and punishment of any person who shall have carried on a correspondence with any one at home or abroad, by which the Empire might be endangered or brought into contempt; of any one who shall have sold detonating powder or "destructive machines" without a license; of any one "whom important circumstances may point out as dangerous to public safety." It is difficult to conceive an individual who might not, if the Government desired, be convicted and thrust into prison under such a law as this. It would simply amount to a legal declaration that the people of France, as a people, hold their lives and liberty at the good will and pleasure of the Emperor.

Napoleon has not adopted this course without counting the cost. He foresees the struggle he may have to wage, and has prepared accordingly. He has divided France into five great military divisions, with a *corps d'armée* to act as police in each. At the head of each division he has placed an officer whose fidelity is guaranteed by his gratitude for past favors and his hope of future rewards. It is hardly necessary to remark, that, as the new law "to provide for the public safety" will amount to a conditional suspension of all liberty and property, so this new military arrangement is equivalent to placing the entire Empire in a state of siege.

It is not consistent with experience or reason to suppose that so high handed a policy as this can be ultimately successful. Crushed as the French are, they are not so utterly helpless as to submit to this. Servile as the army is, it can not always consent to play a part which must be odious to every man of heart or intelligence. There must, it would seem, come a point at which the trampled citizen will rebel, whatever the risk, and the soldier-*sbirro* refuse his aid to the work of so ruthless a despotism. In spite of the Emperor's genius, there are many who think that point not far distant. Whatever strength the attempt of the Rue Lepelletier may have given to the Imperial Government has been lost in consequence of the recent "repressive measures." Many who, when they first heard of the attempt, execrated the assassins, now, when they see how despotism works, almost regret the failure.

Charles the Tenth fell in trying to enforce such a law as Napoleon is carrying out. Louis Philippe fell in trying to restrain the popular liberty of the Parisians. Both had power enough; wanting more, they lost that which they had. The Emperor Napoleon the Third seems to have profited little by their example.

## PHYSICAL DECAY IN THE UNITED STATES.

The London *Times*, by an article on the physical decay of the people of the United States, has aroused the people of our large cities to some thought of physical development. Whatever may be said in correction of trivial errors committed by our English critic, there can be no question but the charge he brings is generally well founded—that, as a general rule, our people are neither as strong nor as healthy as persons of the same age and vocation in the old mother country.

There are for this three principal reasons.

In the first place, the climate of that portion of the United States which we inhabit, and from which our foreign critics draw their inferences, may be set down as not favorable to health and strength. The coast-line of the United States is decidedly insalubrious. Fevers, varying in severity from the black *vomito* to mild intermittent or fever and ague, ravage our sea-board from Texas to Massachusetts throughout the summer months. There are spots, of course, which are free from them; but speaking generally, the whole coast is pregnant with fever. Many parts of the interior—and these the most thickly settled portions—are swampy, and therefore unwholesome. The country is so vast, and so young, that thorough systems of drainage have not yet been established; when it is drained as England is, much disease will be averted. Again, the startling vicissitudes of heat and cold in the central parts of the United States are not conducive to salubrity. At times the thermometer has a range of forty degrees in the twenty-four hours. People who have almost expired with heat on Monday have been known to require a fire in the grate on Tuesday. In the spring months these sudden changes are common. They can not but injure the physical stamina.

Secondly, there seems to exist among the American people a decided aversion for field sports and open-air exercise. Among the people of the large cities physical exercise is never considered for a moment. No athletic exercises or sports are popular. We have cricket clubs, at which the bulk of the players are Englishmen. We have no hunts, with horses and dogs; a few enthusiastic persons shoot a little in the season, but the sport can not be said to be general. As a general rule the New Yorker never takes a gun in his hand except when he goes out on those doleful processions called Target excursions, which are usually equal parts of dullness and drink. New Yorkers do not ride. Their idea of horse exercise is sitting in an uncomfortable wagon behind a fast trotting horse, and swallowing several pounds of dust on a road covered with flash men and flash teams. There are several gymnasia in the large cities. They are frequented by very few acolytes, and after a few months' patronage these generally desert them. In fine, it may be said broadly that, after our people reach manhood, they never seem to think that it is necessary to exercise their muscles.

Lastly, the first and ruling consideration of every American is business. Walk up Broadway, and listen to the conversation of the people whom you pass—ninety-nine out of a hundred are talking of dollars, percentages, and premiums. The same is true of the groups of men assembled in drawing-rooms, hotel parlors, and bar-rooms. Wherever two or three Americans are gathered together there you may be sure that business and dollars are on the tapis. There are a few boys whose prime aim in life is billiards, cigars, gloves, and drink; but they are an exception. The bulk of our people have not time to be vicious. They are too busy to sin. As Doctor Watts teaches, they shame the Evil One by the intensity of their application to the serious things of life. An English merchant works seven hours a day, goes home, eats a hearty dinner, and plays with his children till bedtime. A Frenchman drops into his office before breakfast, returns home at eleven, goes back to work at two, and dines at five, after which he may be seen at an opera or in a ballroom. An American begins work before he is dressed in the morning and never stops till he goes to bed. If he goes home, it is in order to write his letters or make up his accounts more quietly. Life for him is a mere ledger, in which he debits himself with sixteen available hours for work each day. This absorbing dollar worship can not but produce certain specific injurious effects. The mind can not be incessantly occupied without detriment to the body. Men whose trade obliges them to use their arms incessantly lose power in the legs; great walkers are usually feeble in the arms. Just so, these intense head-workers who are performing sums in addition, multiplication, and division, from seven A.M. till ten P.M. must necessarily lose bodily strength.

These three causes may be said to have led to the physical decay which attracts the notice of our foreign friends. All are curable. Proper systems of drainage, combined with more rational habits of living and diet, will go far toward neutralizing the injurious effect of our climate. Enlarged experience will inculcate the necessity of more physical and open-air exercise. Increasing refinement and cultivation will discourage the general sacrifice of life to the pursuit of the dollar. When these reforms are generally adopted, the decay of the human frame in the United States will cease to attract attention, and our physical development will compare favorably with that of foreign nations.

## PERSONAL EXPLANATIONS.

Nearly half the working hours of Congress last week were taken up by "personal explanations." Mr. A wished to inquire whether Mr. B, in intimating that all the A's were pickpockets, had intended to include him; and Mr. B, thus interrogated, courteously replied that his remark had been made in a purely parliamentary sense, and that the A before him was not one of the A's whom he charged with picking pockets. Mr. C rose to a question of privilege to ask whether, in striking him on the nose, and causing the blood to flow from that organ, Mr. D. had designed to insult him; and Mr. D. instantly disclaimed any such intention, observing that the act was not in the least intended to be personal. It was evident, in short, that whatever study members may have made of Hansard and the "Parliamentary Compendium," they were well up in their Pickwick.

Of course, so long as apologies are the order of the day on both sides, these personal explanations are productive of no positive injury. Whether they constitute a negative wrong to the country is a very different matter. Congress will soon have been three months in session. What law has been passed during that period? What work done? What important question discussed in a statesmanlike and thorough manner?

On looking over the reports of the proceedings as carefully reported in this journal from week to week, we find that three questions and three only have engaged the attention of the two branches of Congress. One is Kansas; the next the arrest of Walker by Commodore Paulding; the third the Army Increase Bill. Of these the second has never had any practical consequence. All the speeches which have been made on the arrest of Walker have been for buncombe; no national benefit could result from any measure which could have been proposed in connection with that event. The bill to increase the army is supposed to be doomed to defeat; if it is, all the time spent in discussing it will have been lost. There remains only the Kansas affair, which, if the two Houses can agree upon a plan for the admission of that State in accordance with the views expressed in some of the reports presented and to be presented by the committees, may possibly result in practical and useful legislation.

Will this be an adequate return for the cost devolved upon the nation? It strikes us that Kansas is going to be an expensive addition to the confederacy if each step in her career is to cost three months debate in Congress. We should manage our political concerns better if our national legislators were paid by the job, and not by the day or the session.

## STRAWS.

Senator Seward has separated from his friends on the Army Bill; he voted with the Administration Democrats and against the Republicans on that question—taking occasion, by the way, to proclaim his independence of party, and his faith that, when hereafter the debates in the Senate are read, no man shall learn from them to which party he belonged. At the same time he has given notice of a bill to apportion the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States among the various sections of the country according to their population; by which means, of course, the control of that tribunal would be secured to the most populous or Northern section. On the strength of these movements Senator Seward has received the commendation of several Northern Democratic organs, and has been openly nominated for the presidency for 1860 by some of the more liberal Republican prints.

Senator Seward is generally supposed to have been disappointed by the nomination of Colonel Fremont by the Republicans at the last presidential contest. He seems to be taking his revenge on them for their neglect.

Senator Douglas has, in like manner, cut himself loose from his party. He has been duly read out of the Democratic fold; and though the Republicans are happy to avail themselves of the aid of his talents and his vote, they of course regard him as a doubtful convert, and could not be expected to select him as a standard bearer. He could not anticipate any share of the profit in case of a Republican triumph.

Have these two leading politicians committed political suicide? Or are they looking for an entire reconstruction of parties—a state of things in which the control of the country will pass into the hands of a new party of Northern extraction, but with moderate tendencies, and seeking and commanding the support of conservative men in every section of the common country?

## THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA.

The Prime Minister of England has introduced a bill for the transmission of the dominion of British India from the East India Company to the British Crown. It was shown in an article published some time since in this journal that the government of the Company has for years been merely nominal, that the real control of India rested with the British Cabinet, and that the patronage of the Indian service was the only remnant of the old despotism which remained to the Company. The change contemplated, therefore, will simply amount to the abolition of the intricate formalities by which the nominal sovereignty of the Company was maintained, and the transfer of the appointment of Indian cadets from the Company's Directors to the future Secretary of State for India.

This, it is needless to remark, will avail but little toward the settlement of affairs in Bengal and Oude. A new system of government is needed there. The rebellion may be and will be put down with the strong hand. But the sentiment of which it was the active expression will survive. Until the British Government devise a system of administration which shall command the loyalty of the natives, the Indian problem will remain unsolved. To maintain a British army in India large enough to subject the natives to an unpopular sway will not pay. Great Britain can not afford so expensive a luxury as an Indian dependency bristling with British bayonets. And though for a time the lust for vengeance will drown the cry for economy, the hour is not far distant when the question of the ultimate disposition of India must be settled on economical principles. That settlement, if it be possible, will establish a memorable precedent in the science of colonial government.

## THE LOUNGER.

### THE HISTORIAN PRESCOTT.

In the midst of the wild whirl of political items that daily fly along the telegraph there is sometimes a brief mention of some fact which excites a deeper and more personal interest, and in which the heart of the whole country is interested. Such was the late intelligence of the sudden illness of the historian Prescott.

His fame—won by devoted and earnest study, by a long series of historical pictures of the great days of Spain, when Spain was most intimately related to America—and the personal interest excited by his heroic superiority to a misfortune which would have been sufficient excuse to a lesser man for a life of idleness, have all conspired to surround his name with a fond regard in the popular heart. At this moment engaged upon the continuation of his history of Philip the Second, his labors lie in the most interesting part of his peculiar field.

May the thin cloud pass before this paragraph is read, and the days and works of an honored and honorable life be long continued! It is the prayer of his friends, and the hope of his countrymen.

### WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

Every woman has a right to express her opinion.

That, at least, is a safe and indisputable proposition.

Some women may find talking more profitable than dancing.

In that case they will do well for their own interests to talk as much and as often as possible.

Some women want to vote, and declare they have a right to do so. Other women laugh at them for wanting to vote, and declare that, although the ballot may be in the hand of the man, yet it is dropped according to the whim of the woman.

"I pity the woman," says one of the Lounger's correspondents, "who can not make two men vote as she pleases." That distinguished public teacher, Mrs. Lola Montez, makes a similar observation.

As a matter of curious speculation, will each reader of the Lounger calculate how many votes are yearly deposited at the instance of women. What, for instance, are the chances that the mellifluous orators of Tammany Hall, or the gentlemanly national representatives at Washington, vote as some female friend desires? Is it unfair to say that possibly about a thousand votes are immediately or remotely affected every year in our elections by female influence?

If that be so, what becomes of the argument?

How many men, if they think their mustaches and whiskers are becoming, shave them in deference to female intervention? How many, who are fond of it, renounce Champagne, because some fairest fair desires it—except, haply, during the sweet time wherein the drinker is wooing Miss to become Missis?

Besides, if every woman can persuade two men to vote as she wishes, would not her own vote make three ballots, and are not three better than two in any election?

Certain sagacious philosophers are of opinion that women ought to stay at home and rock cradles. Let us, then, calmly inquire how long it takes to deposit a ballot. Other philosophers assert that women don't know enough to vote. Let us, then, converse with our neighbors male, and reckon how many of them are competent to the privilege. Especially, let us compare the opinions and moral impressions of public questions among our wives and daughters, with those of the valuable cargoes of Erin-go-braghs which arrive daily, and which are of such inestimable advantage at the ballot-boxes of an intelligent and self-respecting, free and enlightened, star-spangled-bannering

people. Other well-wishers of their kind think that women could not go to the political meetings or the dreadful dirty polls. Let us, then, investigate the question whether women ever go to any kind of public meeting, lecture, theatre, sermon, or debate, and then ask ourselves in secret whether an educated orator upon public affairs is less intelligible to women than upon morals, physics, or philosophy; while into dirty holes, which are not necessities in a republic, no decent man or woman —and decency is in the majority—ever care, upon any occasion, to go.

As for the Lounger, who—Heaven save the mark!—is not a politician, he never hears his friend Mrs. Lambswool Tagmutton eloquently proving that women ought not to vote, but ought to wear red petticoats and drink green tea and sew on breeches buttons, in peace and contentment, without laughing at the idea that his sarcastic and intelligent friend is not as competent to express an opinion by her vote as well as by her tongue.

WARLIKE CHARACTERS.

"COLLEGIAN" has stirred the Greek alphabet from alpha to omega. The Lounger has already said that the letter he lately published in the Greek character must end the controversy; and although the claims and concerns of the secret college societies are of the last importance, and excite the most profound and universal public interest, there is still a part of the public (a little dull, of course, dear Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta, etc., etc.) which desires to read of something else.

The Lounger's letter-box groans at this moment—like the public dinner-tables in John Thomas Jenkins's letters—under the good things which this controversy has caused to fall into it. Innumerable gauntlets—contemptuous defiances—sneers—calm contempts—grim humors—sarcasms—lies direct—Socratic series of questions—rebuffs—replies—rejoinders—objurgations—indeed every form of letter, is heaped up, and has many a time, as he hinted, kindled his inflammable box. Should he assume the responsibility of allowing them to get into his columns, this paper would cease to be safe in the hands of the reader; it would justly be called an incendiary sheet, and produce conflagrations in the domestic circle.

The Lounger deprecates any such result, and suggests a compromise to be carried into effect in the various chapters of the various societies. Thus:

1. Deadly and unappeasable hostility is to be assumed as the normal state of any secret Greek character society against all others.
2. Each society, at a convention to be especially called for the purpose, shall resolve unanimously that all the best fellows in every college always have and always will belong to itself: the fact of membership to be taken as the test of good fellowship.
3. Each society, at its convention, shall declare all the members of all the other societies to be entirely beneath contempt, and consequently of notice.

This proposition seems to cover the whole ground, and protects the honor of each society. It also releases individual members from the necessity of cherishing wrath, or writing letters denunciatory of others; and it has the great merit of expressing in permanent form the unalterable conviction of each member of every secret society respecting all the members of every other.

LIVING BY LITERATURE.

MR. CAREY JOHNS writes to the Lounger that he is a very lazy gentleman, but with native sense enough to distinguish himself in the world of letters; wonders how he ever came to know any thing; is twenty-eight, a bachelor, without profession, without fortune, and without energy; but is quite confident he could make a living by Literature, if he could only rouse himself.

This is a not uncommon complaint—laziness, with a tendency to Literature. It is one of the most fascinating and frequent alliterations in the world. For his comfort let Mr. Carey Johns observe two facts; first, that while he is lazy he will remain a bachelor, without fortune, without profession, and generally good for nothing, except to buy cigars, and that nobody but himself can cure his laziness; second, that to "make a living by Literature" is given to two kinds of writers—great geniuses and indefatigable hacks. To write a few tolerable articles for a magazine or a newspaper is not making a living by Literature.

There is a great deal of misunderstanding of this matter in the minds of lazy young men who like to smoke and read magazines, and who fancy they could do the thing if they only tried. Look at it for a moment:

You are resolved to live by Literature. Very well; you write a book, living meanwhile upon charity, for your book, of course, does not pay you any thing until it begins to sell. Your book is completed, and no publisher cares to print it. Of a hundred manuscripts offered to a publisher he may select two. Suppose yours is one of them, although the chances are against you. It is printed and issued. It may be a fair book, but nobody knows your name; the subject may or may not be attractive; the sale is very slow. There are copies given to the press; you give some to your friends. The press hails you as another Shakespeare, or as the American Martin Farquhar Tupper. Your friends compliment you, and young ladies to whom the book has been lent send for your autograph. You come down town trailing clouds of glory. You fancy that you read in the papers, and hear from the mouths of your friends, the verdict of the age and the salutation of posterity. You ask for an account, and, in a year, you find the work has not paid expenses. You will not believe it. You quarrel with the publisher for not advertising; you hint darkly of "cooked accounts." You are enraged, and the publishers are unpaid.

But meanwhile, pending the coming in of the profits upon your book, and resolved to live by Literature, you write for the magazines. Very well. How many magazines pay any thing for contributions? What are the chances that your prolusions will go in every month? And what will you be paid when they are accepted? It is a sum you can easily calculate.

If you are a great genius, and your book takes, then you have drawn one of the prizes, and are safe. But what is the chance that you are a great genius, and then that it will be recognized?

The Lounger speaks now to lazy young gentlemen lolling before fires and looking at the arena in which they are so sure they would excel. But if a youth is really in earnest, and has something to write, paid or unpaid, it will be written. He may drudge and delve, but his drudging and delving will be immortal labor. Goldsmith was a hack, and he hacked out works of imperishable charm. He was a genius, and lived by Literature. But it was not a pleasant life altogether, and he tried many things besides Literature to save himself from starving.

If Mr. Carey Johns wants to be an author at any cost, he must conquer his laziness and run the risk of starving. If he is disinclined to that risk, then he must seek some employment which is more secure in its rewards. A grocer's clerk is paid for his service, and sleeps sure of to-morrow. An author, with a MS. in his pocket, waits upon the whim of an editor. Mr. Johns must remember that the old College President spoke truly when he said that "very few young men have any particular *vocation*; they all have a necessity of making their living, and the talents of most men may be as well applied to one pursuit as another."

But if he shall resolve to take the risks, let him enter the guild. He may know that if his pay is not so sure his satisfactions are surer. If the artist and author are paid less in money, they have the immense gain of doing for a living what they would choose to do for pleasure. They live among the words and works of all that is greatest in history and best in human nature. If a man adopts Literature as his profession, he must do some hard drudgery; but if he is in earnest, he will be like one whose hands dig potatoes in a field, while his eyes converse with the glories of summer and the splendid spectacle of sky and air.

And so, Mr. Carey Johns, there is the "thesis."

MURDER AND DESPOTISM.

WHILE the English are marrying their Princess with national cordiality and sympathy, the French have seen their Emperor and his wife almost murdered, and some of the American citizens now in Paris have assembled and passed resolutions of congratulation upon his escape.

Now whatever any Lounger, foreign or domestic, traveling or staying at home, may think of Louis Napoleon, he can have but one opinion of assassination; and but one feeling in regard to this particular demonstration, which was so clumsily managed and arranged as apparently to involve the murder of crowds of innocent people. But that may be safely assumed; and it is to be hoped that the Emperor does not suppose that all who do not say they are glad he was not killed wish he had been or soon might be. The court may be presumed to know some things.

But if any man is glad that the assassins did not succeed, he must also be aware that the attempt is likely to be constantly renewed. The course of Louis Napoleon is pure despotism, and it will recoil upon his own head or upon that of his unfortunate descendants.

The evident objection to the entirely unnecessary step of the American gentlemen who passed the resolutions is, that it is a kind of approval of the Emperor's course, and will tend to confirm him in it. An American ought to be as much opposed to the Emperor's being a despot as he is to his being the victim of a murderer. He may justly be pleased at the failure of this attempt; but if he takes it upon himself to speak of it at all, he ought to blend with his felicitations a word of warning. If he can't do that, he had better hold his tongue.

THE WEDDING.

WELL, the wedding is over, and the young Prince and Princess have gone away under arches and over flowers, through illuminations, and homage, and happy huzzas. Jenkins has surpassed himself in the description of the nuptials. He has written a most interesting and twaddling and touching account, which we have all read, of course, with a mingled smile and sigh. Youth and Love are very real things, spite of Beef-eaters and Gold-sticks and venerable Palmerstons carrying symbolic swords; and although this wedding was a state ceremony, and the nuptial choice of royal personages is very limited, so that an intelligent young Prince and Princess in Europe must be rather dismayed at a survey of the lines within which they must choose, if they choose at all, yet this seems to have been a union of hearts as well as hands.

The poor old palace of St. James's is a shabby palace, to be sure, and the Continental guests, used to magnificent residences, may have stared a little at the low ceilings and dingy brickiness of that particular royal house of England; but the spectacle was splendid, beyond doubt, so far as fine men and women sumptuously attired can make splendor. The father and mother of the young bridegroom probably remembered their own pretty palace in Berlin, built by Schinkel, the Prussian Ictinus; and although the young bride will not be taken to that, she will live near by in the vast old royal schloss, or castle-palace, in whose extent there is a regal grandeur.

The severest Democrat ought to remember that a Princess Royal is, after all, a young woman; that a Queen is, in this case, a fond and careful mother; and when Jenkins describes the bride flinging herself upon her mother's bosom, not all his sympathetic adjectives can prevent the feeling that it was a very tender and tearful moment for that daughter and her mother. For in that vast, old, dreary, regal palace the bride is henceforth to live and lose her nationality. By-and-by she will sit upon a Queen's throne there. She ceases to be an Englishwoman, and her children will be Prussians. To be sure, her father is a German, but she, by birth, and residence, and education, is a good Englishwoman, and doubtless loves, and is proud of, her noble country.

It is a fine thing to be a prince or princess. There is, probably, not a valet or lady's maid in the world who is not of that opinion. But the hedges of etiquette, the fences of ceremony, the universal and eternal chin-chin-ing, must make a prince sometimes weary. One does not wonder at that "good" old George III. stealing away from the palace and pottering about the pots of the Windsor peasants: exercising his gracious and regal intellects with the problem how the apple *did* get in. And it is quite possible to conceive a princess looking from her bower with envy upon a rosy milkmaid.

When a king has not crowned himself, like Napoleon, but is part of the state machinery. The homage is not paid to him personally; but the state uses him as a mirror, and bows before him to its own reflection. That, also, is not a proud thought to a sensible man.

In fact, there are many things to be considered when you have done reading of the princely nuptials. The Lounger's friend, Nelly Lancer, and her friends, have been studying out the dresses and the presents, and it is just possible they have been half wondering how they themselves would have looked in that lovely attire.

On that point, of course, there can be no reasonable wonder; and if it were only a matter of orange-flowers, moiré antique, and pearl necklaces, who would not wish them all to be princesses royal, and all royally married in quick succession?

But those things are not all. And it is impossible to read Jenkins's glowing story without a profound sympathy for the young pair—without being glad that every thing and every body smiled so cheerfully—without gratitude to the ladies who wore plumes and ancestral jewels, and sat, hoops and all, in space some twenty inches wide; to the gentlemen who wore garters and coats of many colors; to Mr. Gooch, who conducted the locomotive safely; and to the Eton boys, who dragged the young pair to their nest.

And when the Queen said in her prayers that night, as she doubtless did, with all the anxious entreaty of a mother's heart, "God bless them!" and all English parents in their hearts cried "Amen!" can we not understand the prayer, and with hearty wishes and happy hopes join our Amen in sympathetic echo?

OUR LETTER-BOX.

"JANUARY, 1858.

"*Modeste*, dear Lounger, received the happiest of new Years you forwarded to yours correspondents, although unworthy of this qualification. She put her duty and hearty will in manifesting to you the same desire of felicity, multiplied by sincere thanks

"You recollect, dear Lounger, I added to my last missive the approximate number of fair people I saw at a conference meeting? But, darling, I will now entertain you of the balance, sickly, dear, coughing, hooping, struggling under the consumptive pressure, to the superlative comfort of who goes to church to be moralized or edified, according the state of consciences. It will no doubt astonish you, that, in the midle of the sunny south of our people can pass, said Dante:

"'. . . . . . . . per la porta
Lo cui sogliare a nessuno é negato'

by another cause than of morbus or tropical fever.

"'Pa' has been to Europe and Asia several times, and speaks to us of the general heath of these countries as being far above our, specialy on the southern sections. The difference of rosy there, and yellow-white complexion here, may have some reasons indipendent of longitude or latitude, to wich I call your attention to day, dear Lounger, sure you will bring to evidence something better than charlatan's pills.

"If you excuse my profuse prattle, dear, I will try explain to you my opinion about this interesting consumptive people. The recipe wich Modeste think would be efficacious and humanly give gratis, bear the name of *Gastronomy*.

"She believe that in *Gastronomy*, consequently aided by her brother *Culinary Art*, as some suggestions of old *Mother Vine* consist in some degre the future and true happiness of our beloved country

"Mater Familias will cut to pieces the bridge to the bar and the bridge to the grave by hygienely placing on the *meals' table* a bottle of home-made wine

"'Pa' in accordance with travelers noted in Spain south-France, Italy, Greece, etc, the almost total absence of salt meat, corn bread, and if salt fishes are sometimes used they are drowned in olive-oil, as well as all kind of fecula. There it is said a cook is oftentimes pushed by: 'What shall I prepare for diner, for supper?' months passing without the repetition of a single disho

"I hope, dear Lounger, under your patronage, something will be done.

"We, consistently, will begin by a salad with abondant sweet oil; a tolerably large napkin being produced to keep in a state of decency the too luxurious lips and mustaches; no doubt if the mentioned napkin could not appears on ours tables, you would find an accommodating-medium.

"The product suggest me of the producer: olive-tree, Oh! olive-tree! Is it not a national sin the neglected culture of this peace emblem? This tree wich our Saviour was so found of promenading amid? In a word this anti-consomptive element?

"Your 'Bible lands' distinguished correspondent, in his No. XXIII. says: 'I cultivated Mustapha the first afternoon, and by sunset we were smoking the tenth chibouk, and I was telling him how much good he might effect if he would go to New-York and enligten the infidels there with the ligt of his wisdom and experiences, especialy on the question of olive-oil. The olive-oil question, by-the-by, is worth discussing if I had time for it.'

"Mister Mustapha would enligten our prejudices on the Mormons' poligamy controversy, of course. I come to my sheeps; do you think, dear Lounger, that your pacha's friend looks to the question he have not time to discuss, in the light of a lamp-oil? I wonder, we have so many kind of light nowadays beside the moon and electric ones, that the classification would become obscure to enligten committees.

"Wine is to Gastronomy, what nice ribbons are at a winter velvet bonnet. In the southern portions of Europe ladies drink wine as well as gentlemen, in private houses as at table d'hôte. I am dreaming just now, what could be more favorable to succes: ask Annety to put wine on our table, or try to make her change the shape of her old fashioned chemisettes. Religiously, I say, the pilgrims ours fathers was not practicals in their knowlege of the scriptures, of not planting vines when they touched to this new land as did the good man of the arch, who I believe was the arch-bishop of that rainy season of the creation.

"I may be beside the question, but think the subjet as serious as to know if toads are viviparous, oviparous, carnivorous, herbivorous, nothing of it, but certainly rousers by nature.

"Confident in your proved good will, dear Lounger, and my candle going down, I can just write

"MODESTE."

# Bohemian Walks and Talks.

THE LADIES ON THE ICE.

THE cold weather naturally makes me think of ice, and ice naturally leads to skating, and skating to the ladies who have lately taken up with this graceful and elegant exercise. In my skating days—and I shall not tell you how long since they have been over—it was not considered the thing for the girls to skate. Indeed the boys were sometimes subjected to cruel, unusual, and unconstitutional punishments for beguiling the young women to venture upon the ice in a hand-sledge. And there was another piece of injustice for which I never could account. When came the first ice of the season, and several hundred embryo Presidents and militia captains were getting up an appetite for the Thanksgiving dinner upon the lovely lake—*vulgate* "mill-pond"—the ice cracked, and the valiant band were precipitated into the foaming flood. Of course they all received paternal correction—for what? Not for skating, but for falling through! In fact, the boys were obliged to suffer for the treachery of the ice. And I have never forgotten that early lesson. The successful misdemeanor is never punished, but the unlucky rogue who fails gets a kick from every body.

To return, however, to the feminine *athletæ*. I have noticed that some country editors, in want of a paragraph, have rudely maligned the ladies that are learning to skate, by saying that the crinoline is terribly in the way, and that the dear creatures must either give up the hoops or the skates. Quite the contrary. Very few ladies are strong enough to skate against the wind, and when going before it the crinoline is a great advantage. Every body knows how a ship goes when she has the wind "dead aft." And other feminine productions are subject to the same laws. The other day a Maine girl, carrying out the motto of her State, led a party across a large lake, offering a kiss to the young gentleman who was the first to overtake her. She made splendid time, and was not caught until she had neared the opposite shore. Ethelinda, who knows a great deal about such things, thinks that the young woman adopted this osculatory proceeding in order to throw out signals to some nice young man who was quite at home upon his skates, but who found the drawing-room a very slippery and uncertain foundation. I think we might have iced flirtations as well as iced creams. I have seen some (flirtations, not creams) that could not have been cooler.

THE TRAGEDY AFTER THE COMEDY.

ALL the ladies have been devouring with much *goût* the elaborate and lengthy accounts of the marriage of the senior Miss Guelph with the heir of that king who always has a superfluity of double eagles, and whom, I remember, the English journals delighted to call bad names, such as "Old Cliquot," and various other disrespectful appellations. I rather like such things—and read all about the chamberlains, and beef-eaters, and lords-in-waiting, and maids of honor, and gold and other sticks; but here is a bit which I discovered in an out-of-the-way corner of a London paper. It is worthy the particular attention of the ladies:

"Janet Fife was the fortunate pupil of the government school of art in Gower Street who received her Majesty's commands to design a dress and vail for the Princess Royal. Day and night dear Janet labored to get it done in time. She could ill afford a new dress to smarten herself, to take the drawings to Windsor, and was much disappointed when she arrived at the Castle to be told to leave them. After a few weeks' anxious suspense she wrote respecting them, and received for answer that she would hear about them at the proper time. Before that time over-exertion and anxiety had done their work—the cold clay had closed over her before any answer arrived. All honor to the dead! An Englishwoman has designed the marriage robes of royalty, and the court papers say it took fifty girls a twelvemonth to work the vail, at a cost of six hundred pounds (about sevenpence a day each girl)."

The designer loses her life. The fifty girls wear out their eyes and fingers upon fine lace-work for about twelve cents per diem. It seems to me that that wedding robe was rather a grave affair, with misery and destitution and hunger and want lurking in every wave of its graceful drapery. But I really can not see why it was necessary to kill Janet Fife, unless in order that the Princess Royal's Honiton might have the extra design of a bleeding heart.

AN ORPHEAN JOURNALIST.

AMONG other good things forthcoming at the Academy of Music, the manager announces the speedy production of an opera by Mr. W. H. Fry, an acute critic, and a sturdy, vigorous journalist. I do not know any thing of Mr Fry's constructive abilities in a musical way, but if he can build up half as well as he can pull down, his "Leonora" will make a grand sensation. It is quite certain that Mr. Fry will not be governed by any absurd technicalities, but will ignore every thing that is not bold, striking, and effective. The opera has never been sung in Italian, but was given at Philadelphia several years since in English, and therefore is quite as good as new. I presume that the composer will conduct in person, as he is not one of the half-way men by any means.

THE START.

## OUR SLEIGH-DRIVE.

BEING a foreigner, a native of a country where the snow never lies an hour upon the ground, I could not be expected to understand the free-masonry of sleigh-rides. I had spent three weeks in the village of ——, in Maine, and I have no objection to confess that I considered the two Misses Grower the sweetest girls I had ever known. Nellie was a sweet, soft, tender creature, with soft eyes and a loving expression; Bessie was a tall brunette, with flashing eyes which looked through and through you, and an air which seemed to say that she would as soon fight as love. Both were very handsome girls, and all the youths of the village had been, or were, or expected to be, their recognized admirers. I, a sickly foreigner, roaming the North in search of health, crept into their acquaintance almost unawares. My physician had prescribed riding; we met frequently in the narrow path through the wood, or in the narrower road which leads up the mountain; and, in obedience to rural etiquette, we bowed at our first, spoke at our second, became social at our third meeting. Afterward we usually rode together. I called at the house—a fine old country mansion, with more rooms than half a dozen families could fill, and a glorious wood fire blazing on a broad hearth every evening; and I was delighted to make the acquaintance of old Mr. Grower, a farmer and lumber-man, well-to-do in the world, who had but one idea beyond crops and logs, and that was Kansas; of his wife, a jovial dame, who, though gay and very stout, insisted on superintending every detail of her household; and of half a dozen sons and as many daughters—as hearty and amiable a family as I ever met. When we became intimate, they pressed me to occupy a room in their house; and the girls and boys led me through room after room, in order, as they said, that I might make a choice; but I could not consent to trespass so far upon their hospitality, and contented myself with spending almost every evening by the side of their genial hearth.

I had been notified that it was necessary to provide myself with a sleigh, and had done so. When Nellie told me that a party had been made up for a sleigh-ride to the Indian Cross next day, I said, simply, "Very well"—having no idea of the social importance of the affair.

"I suppose," said Bessie, in her quick way, "that you will drive Lucy Thompson?"

"If I am at liberty to invite a partner, of course you and your sister would have the refusal."

"I'm sorry," said Nellie; "but I am engaged."

"And you?" I asked, turning to Bessie.

"I'll drive with you; and as we always drive three in a sleigh, we'll take Cousin Mary."

"Agreed."

Till that evening I had never thought of the sisters separately. I don't think I had ever been alone with either of them. We had met on such friendly, confidential terms, that I had behaved rather as a brother than as a lover, and had viewed them in the light of sisters. They had told me of their little love affairs, and we had laughed over them. I used to quiz them about this or that youth who showed his feelings for one or the other in a marked manner. I had never for a moment asked myself how I felt toward them or they toward me.

THE RACE ON THE HILL-SIDE.

This sleigh-drive shed a new light on the state of affairs. I knew that Cousin Mary was an excellent girl, who was engaged to a lawyer at Bangor, and that she would regard me as a part of the harness of the sleigh. Was I pleased that Bessie and not Nellie completed the trio? Which did I like best?

I fell asleep while revolving the problem and weighing the merits of the sisters. I admired Bessie; I think now she is as fine a woman as I ever saw; but there was something in Nellie which touched me. I dreamed that night that her head was leaning on my shoulder, and that I was passing my hand through her long, loose, fair ringlets. When I awoke in the morning I was quite disappointed that she was not to drive with me.

My horses were in magnificent condition. It was several degrees below zero, and the poor brutes could hardly be induced to stand still while I entered the old farm-house and met the assembled guests. The man who had supplanted me—for I began to regard it in this light—was a doctor from a neighboring village, a young fellow well educated, no doubt, but as green a whip as myself. He was—so I was told by her youngest brother—"uncommon sweet on Nellie." I should have liked to have driven my whip-handle down his throat.

We started. The road was splendid: the snow creaked and whistled under our runners, the horses were soon covered with flakes of congealed moisture—we flew over the ground. There were nine teams altogether; our places had been assigned by lot; mine was the seventh. It was settled that any one who could pass another without danger might do so; but a collision was to involve the hindmost of the two sleighs in the disgrace of taking the last place in the procession.

I never saw Bessie look handsomer than when she took her seat beside me. The cold brought a ruddy flush to her cheeks, and her eyes gleamed: her spirits rose, and as we started she rallied me on my dullness till I almost lost my temper. Nellie was far ahead. At the signal, away we went. I soon found that it would not do to sit down. I stood up, and with whip, rein, and voice, urged on my horses. We positively flew over the snow; at times the drift raised by the six teams before us shut out the road from my sight, and if any thing had happened to Joe Berryman, who was in front of us, we must have gone over him.

My cattle were the best that the village contained. I had chosen them with great care. They entered into the spirit of the thing as well-bred horses will. We had driven but ten minutes when we came to a spot where the wind had left the road nearly bare. With a yell, I took advantage of the place, and passed Joe and the sleigh in front of him. I was now sixth, and my noble horses seemed to exult even more than I did in the prospect of leading the race. Five minutes more and a crossing—of which Bessie, who knew the country, notified me in due time, gave me another chance; I applied the whip, and with a shout at the proper moment, number five was outstripped, and we took his place. Number four was the doctor's sleigh, with Nellie and her friend. Now I had them.

It was plain to see at a glance that his horses were not fit for the work. Their heads drooped already; which perhaps was no wonder, consider-

GOOD-NIGHT!

ing the pace we had made; but mine were fiercer than at the start. I gripped the reins with a firmer clutch, and looked out for a safe place to pass.

Nellie, who seemed quite as excited in the race as any of us, pointed me out to the doctor, and from her gesticulations seemed to be impressing upon him the disgrace of being outstripped. Bessie, sitting close behind me, screamed to her sister that we would be happy to take any message from them.

Our road skirted the mountain. Sometimes it rose over a spur, and descended into a valley on the other side. I made up my mind—so insanely excited had I become—that I would pass the doctor at the first turn we came to, no matter what the consequences to life or limb. But I was foiled. At the first corner, I shouted to him to make way, and flourished my long whip over the horses; but he shrewdly planted his sleigh squarely in the middle of the road, and rendered it quite impossible to pass him. My turn was coming, however. We came to a place where the road skirts the mountain in a regular curve for three quarters of a mile, with a steady descent throughout the whole distance. Of course the advantage of "the inside track" on such a break-neck race as we were running was quite apparent. My neighbor saw it, and drove as close to the mountain side as his horses would go. I watched him. At a spot where the road descended suddenly for a few paces, I suddenly shouted, "Make way inside!"—dashed my team almost between him and the hill-side, and drew them back suddenly. The ruse succeeded. With a tremendous effort he forced his horses off the track into the snow nearest the hill, and, as was to be expected, upset his sleigh and tossed his ladies into the snow; at which moment I passed, shouting lustily and crowing, with my team snorting proudly at the feat.

I saw no more of Nellie and her friend till we met for dinner. He was silent and quarrelsome. I was wondering what I should do if he tried to fasten a quarrel upon me, when Josiah—Nellie's brother—came to me and proposed that Bessie should take Nellie's place on the drive home, if I had no objection, as Nellie and the doctor had had a tiff. I need not say that I agreed.

The homeward drive, after a hearty dinner and a short but lively dance, was tremendous. I started sixth, but long before we got home I was first and led the way. It was bright moonlight, and the snow bright and crisp. As I had no one to pass, I sat down between Mary and Nellie. Mary went to sleep. But few words passed between Nellie and me; but I noticed that her cheeks were very cold.

That evening, when we arrived, poor Mary was so fast asleep that it took us some moments to wake her. We got her in at last, and Nellie, the dear affectionate heart, staid outside with me while I shook the snow from my collar and the sleigh robes and turned the horses into the yard. It really seemed as though the noble creatures were inspired with human intelligence. I was taking Nellie in, on the gallery, and had looked around to see if any one was watching; I saw no one, and proceeded to —, when suddenly my horses neighed.

"Silence, you brutes!" I roared in my ecstasy. "Isn't she going to be my wife?"

"Yes!" said the sweetest, softest little voice in the world.

## A NATURAL CASTLE.

NEAR the village of Shawnee, in Pennsylvania, some three miles from the Delaware Water Gap, a locality affluent in varied natural charms, has recently been disclosed, by the chopping of the wood in which it has until recently been obscured, a rock of remarkable appearance, forming a natural bastion or castle. The elevated position it occupies, as well as its architectural adaptedness, would favor the idea, if history does not, that here the early Dutch settlers, who migrated from Esopus about a century and a half ago, defended themselves against the Red men. But on surmounting the "castle walls," we thought that our portly Dutch ancestors would have been far more safely quartered in their own strongly built homes, since the rock has but the external resemblance—a *basso-relievo* castle—the above sketch representing the whole of the outer surface. The rock is about forty feet in height by fifty or sixty in length. May not similar natural formations have suggested to the early architects the Doric, and other orders in which great strength is involved, as clustering trees, branches forming arches, etc., is said to have originated the Gothic?

A NATURAL CASTLE IN PENNSYLVANIA.

## THE AMERICAN HORSE-TAMER IN ENGLAND.

THE accompanying illustration represents the American Horse-Tamer, Mr. John S. Rarey, performing his singular feats in presence of Queen Victoria, her family, and several of the heads of the military departments of Great Britain. Mr. Rarey is a horse-breeder of Columbus, Ohio, and, like his father, who is in the same line of business, is well known throughout that and the adjacent States.

He made the acquaintance, some time since, of a Canadian horse-trainer, who enjoyed the advantage of being known to Sir Edmund Head, the Governor of Canada, and the commander of the British forces in that province. These officials gave the Canadian trainer, and his friend Mr. Rarey, letters to personages of high rank in England, and thus they were enabled to do what intrinsic skill never could have achieved, namely, to exhibit in the presence of the Queen and the Royal Family.

Mr. Rarey's art consists in subduing untamed and untamable horses. One horse, who had neighed and kicked at him when he first entered its stall, became quiet and peaceable, and submitted to be sat upon and played with, after Mr. Rarey had spent a quarter of an hour in its company. Another, an unbroken blood colt, belonging to Prince Albert, evinced the most marked symptoms of wildness and vice when Mr. Rarey approached it. He requested the spectators, among whom were the Queen and her family and the chief officers of the Horse Guards, to withdraw for a few minutes. They complied with his request; at the expiration of a quarter of an hour they returned, and found the vicious colt lying down, with Mr. Rarey reclining between its legs, and resting on its haunches. He took the colt's hoofs and rapped them together. He drove a wheel-barrow round it. He beat a drum close to its ear. During all these performances the animal lay still, and gave no sign of life. It seemed pleased when Mr. Rarey caressed it, and was as docile as any omnibus horse.

Another blood horse, who was submitted to Mr. Rarey, had never allowed any one to ride him. He was so vicious that he could scarcely be groomed. When Mr. Rarey first entered the box where he was he showed plenty of fight, both with hoofs and teeth. After some ten or fifteen minutes spent in private with the animal, Mr. Rarey requested the company to reappear on the stage. In their presence he mounted the horse, and rode him round the inclosed arena. He made him lie down at the word of command, and pretended to sleep, using his haunches as a pillow. Seizing a plank, he laid one end of it on the horse and drove a wheel-barrow up it. While on his back he beat a drum, and suddenly opened an umbrella over the horse's head. None of these manœuvres appeared to frighten the animal. So far as could be judged he was possessed by one idea, and one alone—affection for his new acquaintance.

The authorities of the British Horse Guards appear to have been much struck by Mr. Rarey's performance. Sir Richard Airey and others, to whom he has communicated his secret, certify that there is nothing in it which can be injurious to horses, and that it deserves the attention of all lovers of the horse tribe. Accordingly, Mr. Rarey advertises that he will teach his method to pupils as soon as he can secure five hundred at fifty dollars apiece.

This taming of horses is no new thing. For many years, at every European fair, men have figured as horse-tamers or horse-whisperers, and have exhibited feats similar to those of Mr. Rarey. They have always been regarded as charlatans. One Sullivan figured for many years in England as a horse-whisperer. Like Rarey, he could subdue the most vicious horse by a little private conversation. Unfortunately for Sullivan, he had the folly to pretend that his control over horses was acquired by whispering certain things in their ear, and this, of course, discredited him and his process.

It has long been known that certain medicaments will exercise a peculiar influence over the horse. The oil of cumin is a thing which he can not resist. If any one chooses to rub some oil of cumin on his hand, and with that hand pat a horse's nose, he will perceive a magical change in the animal's temper. It will make him stand as still as a rock, no matter how wild or vicious he may be. Then let the experimentalist take about eight drops of oil of rhodium in a small phial or a thimble, and, gently opening the horse's mouth, pour it on his tongue, and he will be an obedient slave. He will follow his trainer at call; at the word of command he will lie down; no noise will frighten, no experiment disturb him,

THE AMERICAN HORSE-TAMER PERFORMING BEFORE THE QUEEN AND ROYAL FAMILY IN ENGLAND.

so long as the superior being who has charmed him remains by his side. A few caresses and a little kindness will, after this, achieve a permanent conquest.

Mr. Rarey's process is still a secret. But it will naturally be conjectured that these chemicals have some part in the wonderful triumphs he has won over the horses of England.

## LITERARY.

DUNGLISON'S MEDICAL DICTIONARY, published by Blanchard & Lea, Philadelphia, appears in a new and much extended edition, offering to any one who may desire it the fullest information on all medical subjects. We imagine that no physician, whatever his particular pathy, can get along without this volume at his elbow; and for family purposes it is a valuable book of reference. Indeed, in this day, no one who reads the newspapers can dispense with it. If a physician is called to testify before a court or a coroner's jury he considers it his privilege to talk a language which is neither Greek, Latin, nor English, living nor dead, but which may be styled the medical language. In many instances it is like the Scotchman's definition of metaphysics, which he said was "When the men you're talking to dinna ken what ye're sayin', and when you dinna ken what ye're sayin' yoursel'." The commonest words are translated into this twaddle. We saw some physician's testimony a few days since, in which he five or six times rejected the word *bent*, and spoke of something as being *flexed*. For the purpose of aiding us who are not of the profession in understanding this sort of talk hereafter, we place Dunglison on our shelves, although we regret to say we do not find the verb "to flex" in its pages.

Messrs Harper & Brothers publish this week a very readable volume of SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE, by George Eliot, containing three stories: THE SAD FORTUNES OF REV. AMOS BARTON; MR. GILFIL'S LOVE STORY; and JANET'S REPENTANCE. These stories were esteemed among the finest contributions to *Blackwood*, where they originally appeared. It is not often that the novelist has ventured into the Church for his heroes or his incidents. But no one will read this book without being satisfied that the walls of a country parsonage may contain as much of the romance of life, as much love, hope, fear, and faith, as many joys and as many disappointments as the walls of a palace. There is a thrilling force, and at the same time a great gentleness, in these stories, not without some fun and grotesque humor, which union of qualities chiefly commends them. They form No. 208 of the Library of Select Novels.

No one could be more astonished than was Mr. Motley on his arrival at the Hague, whither he has gone to resume his literary labors. He found himself famous in Dutchland, and most deservedly so. A translation of his DUTCH REPUBLIC is soon to appear in the French language, under the superintendence of M. Guizot, to whom Mr. Motley conceded the right of translation some months ago. A reprint has been published in Amsterdam, and has had a good sale. A translation of the work, complete, has been published, in the German language, at Leipsic and Dresden. A translation into the Dutch language has been made, under the supervision of Mr. Bakhuizen Vanden Brink, the Archivist-in-Chief of the Kingdom of the Netherlands—the most learned man and the cleverest writer in that country. He has written an introductory chapter to the book, of a very complimentary character, and has added many notes and comments. It is publishing in numbers, very handsomely printed, and will scarcely be concluded before the close of the year. An elaborate commendatory article upon the book has just appeared in the *Gids*, the leading review of the country, written by one of the best historical writers of Holland. These various editions and notices had all been undertaken without any solicitation on the part of the author; and until his arrival in the Hague he had never heard of any of them except the French edition, which was brought about by an application to him from the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, on behalf of M. Guizot, for permission to make the translation.

Dick & Fitzgerald publish in cheap form Wilkie Collins's HIDE AND SEEK, an odd and *outré* story, in which there is a deaf-and-dumb girl for a heroine, and no love, although it is a love-story. The plot turns on the seduction and death of a young English girl, and the return to England long afterward of her brother, who seeks revenge for her wrong. Some of the passages are good, but as a whole the book is not up to the ordinary standard of the author.

Eastern travelers, readers of such works as Gibbon and Liddell, and especially students of history, will find a most valuable assistant in FINDLAY'S CLASSICAL ATLAS FOR ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY, a new edition of which is published by Harper & Brothers. The labor bestowed on it was immense, and there is no spot known to ancient geography, or which the reader of ancient authors will meet with the name of, that he can not instantly locate on these maps with the aid of a copious index that accompanies them. The volume is an octavo, of good library size, and should be on every body's shelves.

Carter & Brothers send us another volume of the Rev. J. C. Ryle's EXPOSITORY THOUGHTS ON THE GOSPELS. The former volume covered the Gospel of Matthew. This contains Mark. The author belongs to that class of Churchmen in England who are commonly designated as Evangelical, and his works contain practical and orthodox reflections and suggestions.

Among the papers on mathematics presented to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, some time ago, was one which excited considerable attention, and it was referred to an eminent member of the Academy to be examined; he in due time reported on it. In the last sitting a letter from the author of the paper was read, and he, to the surprise of the learned academicians, announced himself as a simple journeyman shoemaker of a provincial town, who knew nothing of mathematics except what he had learned by unaided study. He wrote with much modesty, and begged that the bad spelling in his letter might be excused.

Crosby and Nichols issue the AMERICAN ALMANAC FOR 1858. It is to be supposed that every one knows the value of this publication, which has long ago become a standard issue. It is the only compendium of the kind, and, as a full and complete summary of information about the whole country and the several States, it is, of course, a necessity to every library and to every office.

Professor Rogers, the well-known author of the "Eclipse of Faith" and "The Greyson Letters," has become Principal of Lancashire Independent College, a post vacant by the resignation of Dr. Vaughan.

A little printing-press has been sent from Paris to Constantinople. It is to find its place in the harem of Ribardy Effendi, and will be used exclusively for the benefit of the Turkish ladies. The wife of Ribardy Effendi is said to be well versed in French and English belles-lettres, and intends to publish a collection of the best Western novels in a Turkish translation. The enterprising lady is busy on Mr. Thackeray's "Newcomes."

It is the custom at the *Théâtre Français*, once a year, for all the performers, in the course of a performance, to deposit crowns of bay at the foot of a statue of Molière placed on the stage. Rachel once took part in this ceremony, and she demanded £20 for it. The management hesitated to give her so large a sum for merely walking across the stage, but she bullied so vehemently that she got it. She was never again invited, however, to join her colleagues in doing honor to Molière.

Mr. Kingsley's new volume of poetry, announced last year, is now in the press, and will shortly be published. Its title is to be "Andromeda, and other Poems."

# DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

## POLITICAL.

### CONGRESS.

ON Monday, 15th February, in the Senate, Senator Seward introduced a memorial from the Commissioners of Emigration of the City of New York, praying for a law to restrain the abuse of immigrant girls by ship captains. Senator Wilson moved for Mr. Meade's instructions. Senator Houston presented Texas resolutions for the trial of Judge Watrous. A resolution was adopted, on motion of Senator Gwin, to increase the facilities for coinage at the San Francisco Mint. The Senate then considered the Indiana contested election cases, and, after debate by Senators Hamlin, Benjamin, Collamer, Toombs, Simmons, Stuart, and Hunter, adjourned.——In the House, $35 000 were appropriated for the expenses of the Investigating Committees. Mr. Campbell asked, but failed to obtain, leave to introduce a bill for the purchase of the Canadas and Cuba. Mr. Wolcott proceeded to read a written statement explaining his refusal to answer the question put to him by the Investigating Committee; but being interrupted by Mr. Burroughs, he was, after debate by Messrs. Clemens, Stanton, and Jones, committed to the common jail till he consents to answer. On motion of Mr. Morrill, the Committee on Foreign Relations were directed to inquire into the expediency of repealing the Reciprocity Treaty with Great Britain.

On Tuesday, 16th, Senator Houston presented a resolution directing the Committee on Foreign Relations to inquire into the expediency of the Government establishing a protectorate over Central America and Mexico. Local matters were discussed by Senators Hale, Thomson, and Chandler. Mr. Mason's resolution authorizing the President to receive the Turkish Admiral with due honors was passed, after debate by Senators Mason, Clay, Seward, Hunter, Pugh, Trumbull, Stuart, and Collamer. Senator Trumbull's motion for an immediate decision in the Indiana contested election case was lost by 16 to 28. Senator Wilson's amendment to the Army Bill, providing for the use of volunteers, was offered. The Senate then went into executive session.——In the House, the Deficiency Appropriation Bill was called up by Mr. Letcher. The Maryland Contested Election case was discussed by Messrs. Boyce, Phillips, Maynard, and others, but no vote was taken.

On Wednesday, 17th, the Michigan Resolutions on Kansas were presented by Senator Chandler. Senator Houston's resolutions for a protectorate of Central America and Mexico were taken up, and after debate by the mover, Senators Wilson, Mason, Hale, and Toombs, were laid on the table. The Army Bill, and an amendment of Senator Johnson were then discussed, but no action was taken.——In the House, Mr. Brooks's prayer for a special committee to inquire into the Maryland contested election case was denied. The Indian Appropriation Bill being taken up in Committee of the Whole, speeches on Kansas were made by Messrs. Atkins and Lovejoy, but no action was taken.

On Thursday, 18th, in the Senate, three reports were presented from the Committee on Territories, on the admission of Kansas—one from the majority of the Committee, in favor of the admission under the Lecompton Constitution; another, against that Constitution, from Messrs. Collamer and Wade; and a third, in a similar sense though on different grounds, from Senator Douglas. All were ordered to be printed. The remainder of the day was consumed by the Senate in a discussion of the Army Bill; Senators Wilson, Iverson, Hamlin, Johnson, and Davis took part in the debate.——In the House, personal explanations were made by Messrs. Henry W. Davis, Bowie, and Zollicoffer; and the Kansas question was discussed on its general merits in Committee of the Whole, by Messrs. Shorter, Tompkins, and Clemens.

On Friday, 19th, the Senate was mostly engaged with the private calendar. The Army Bill was taken up, but, on motion of Senator Iverson, was postponed in order to afford Senator Davis an opportunity of making some remarks.——In the House, personal explanations were made by Messrs. Hoard and Zollicoffer, which led to some frivolous discussion.

### THE KANSAS INVESTIGATING COMMITTEES.

The Senate Committee, as above stated, have presented three reports, one from the majority, and two minority reports. All three were received and ordered to be printed. The House Committee has met, and several attempts on the part of the Chairman, Mr. Harris, to send to Kansas for evidence, have been voted down by the Lecompton majority of the Committee.

### THE MAJORITY REPORT.

The majority report of the Senate Committee states that the abolitionists in Kansas have thus far sought power by methods unknown to the law and by acts of violence, and not through the peaceful agency of the ballot-box. Claiming to have a majority of voters in the Territory, and, therefore, able to elect a Legislature and Convention, they yet ask Congress to wrongfully do for them what they may at legal times and at legal places rightfully do for themselves—that is, to change or abolish their Constitution; and in case Congress refuse to comply with their Constitutional demands, they threaten to afflict the country with an attempt at bloodshed and revolution. Unless Congress will do for them what they assert they are anxious to do for themselves, but which they willfully refuse to do, they threaten to plunge the country into civil war. This conduct is so exceedingly unreasonable as to force the conviction upon the mind that they are conscious of being in a powerless minority, and only expect to be able to compass their unwarrantable ends by departing from the general ways of peace and quiet. If your Committee are not greatly mistaken, those reckless men misjudge the American people, and will be required to seek peaceful methods for redress of all their grievances, whether they be real or imaginary.

The report recites that the people of Kansas have framed for themselves a Constitution and State Government, republican in form, and that the Lecompton Convention has, in their name and behalf, asked Congress to admit her. Therefore it is declared that Kansas be admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the original States in all respects whatever. The bill prescribes the boundaries; contains the usual regulations relative to grants of public lands, as in the case of Minnesota; and gives Kansas, for the present, one Representative in the House of Representatives.

### THE MINORITY REPORT.

A minority report, signed by Senators Collamer and Wade, asserts that the Territorial Government of Kansas was never organized as provided for in the organic act —that is, by its own people—but was usurped by a foreign force, and conquered and subdued by arms, and that the minority was installed in power—which has ever since been sustained by the general Government, instead of being examined into and corrected. This has been done to establish and perpetuate Slavery.

The Lecompton Constitution is the result of those proceedings, and, contrary to the will of the great majority of the people, legally expressed. And for Congress in its discretion to consummate this protracted atrocity, and especially for such a purpose, is a violation of the fundamental principles of Republican Government, and can produce no permanent peace or satisfaction to the people of the Territory. In the late Territorial Election they have reclaimed their rights, and that Territorial Government is for the first time now moving peaceably in its legislative sphere of promised freedom.

The Lecompton Constitution and its adoption were concocted and executed to supersede and to triumph over justice. To admit it by Congress is but to give success to fraud and encouragement to iniquity, and to turn over that people, not to an election fairly and legally conducted, but to such State officers and legislators as General Calhoun shall hereafter proclaim, and on such contingency as he shall determine; and his long, mysterious, and inexcusable indecision and reserve but encourage expectations in both parties, one of which is certainly doomed to disappointment.

### JUDGE DOUGLAS'S REPORT.

Another minority report, submitted by Judge Douglas, takes the ground that there is no satisfactory evidence that the Constitution framed at Lecompton is the act and deed of the people of Kansas, or embodies their will. He shows that the Convention was not clothed with competent power to establish the Constitution without the assent of Congress, which has been expressly withheld in this case. Hence the Convention only had such power as the Territorial Legislature could rightfully confer, and no more, which was to form a Constitution and send it to Congress as a memorial for admission, which could be accepted or rejected, according as it embodied the popular will; that all the proceedings of the Convention should have been held in strict obedience to the authority of the Territorial Government, while, in fact, it was declared to be in force, and to take effect in defiance of the Territorial Government as well as without the consent of Congress, and that the only lawful election held on the adoption of the Constitution, was that on 4th of January last, which was in obedience to the law passed by the Territorial Legislature established by Congress, with full legislative power on all rightful subjects within the Territory.

### GENERAL CALHOUN ON THE KANSAS RETURNS.

General Calhoun has published a statement on the subject of the Delaware Crossing election returns, which prove to be so important in the settlement of the political complexion of the Kansas Legislature. He says: "I have received and opened a return from the Delaware Crossing precinct which gives to the Democratic party a majority of three hundred and seventy-nine votes, and would thus secure a majority to the Democratic legislative ticket of Leavenworth County, and a majority on joint ballot in the Legislature, under the Constitution. If the judges of election at that precinct furnish to me, as I informed Governor Denver before leaving Kansas, a reliable and sworn statement that but forty-three votes were polled there I should make myself a party to the fraud if I declined to be governed by the oaths of the judges. It is a question going to the legality of the returns. Of that I may judge and determine. I shall do so; and, in my determination, I shall be governed by justice and truth and the right. If it shall, as it probably will, place the government of the State of Kansas in the hands of my enemies, no one will regret it more; but yet no one, not even a Black Republican, could perform the duty with more of the consciousness of right than I shall feel in the honest discharge of my official duties. I have written to Governor Denver to procure the sworn statements of the judges of this controverted precinct, and to have them taken under such circumstances as will secure a free and unbiased exhibition of facts. By the sworn statements, so procured, I shall be governed in giving the certificates of election to the members of the Legislature from Leavenworth County."

### GAYETIES AT WASHINGTON.

"Jenkins," the correspondent of the *Herald*, thus writes of the third reception at the White House:

"In the centre of the room was that Anglo-Saxon beauty, Miss Lane, still in mourning, and wearing no ornament but a necklace of seed pearls. Near her was her friend and visitor, Miss Brown of Pennsylvania, who looked charmingly in a white dress, the ornamental flounces tipped with pink, while a green wreath surmounted her head. It was amusing to see how certain snobbish individuals endeavored to establish themselves in this room, putting on the most elevated decimal airs. Those more sensible passed into the green parlor, and thence into the east room. Alas! the noble proportions of this hall had been marred by a dance-house orchestra, in which sat the marine band, making a regular promenade concert of the scene. Even the band master, gorgeously decked out with epaulettes and aiguilettes, undertook to come the Jullien, waving his clarionet as a baton with majestic grace. If General Henderson will abolish that eternal anvil chorus polka he will immortalize himself, for it even seemed to disturb Colonel Hickey, the gallant commander-in-chief of the volunteer militia force in and for the District, who has also compiled and sold manifold editions of the Constitution.

"The lions of the evening were Daniel S. Dickenson, Sam Houston, and Colonel May, the latter accompanied by his majestic wife, who wore superb lace. Sir Gore Ouseley and my lady were there, giving out a few supplementary invitations for their party to-night. Lieutenant Washington Bartlett escorted his beautiful daughter, who has inherited the Juno-like charms of her mother. Senator Hale had his lady (who wore a flaming and unbecoming red dress) and his unassuming daughter, in white, trimmed with blue. Assistant-secretary Appleton escorted Mrs. A., who wore one of the handsomest pattern silks in the room; and Assistant Postmaster-general King must have felt proud of his daughter, who looked charmingly in pink. Attorney-general Black was with his pleasant lady and his pretty daughter with the waving black curls. Miss Van Zandt, of New York, was perhaps dressed more richly than any other young lady present, and all admired the exquisitely embroidered bouquets of flowers which ornamented the flounces of her blue satin."

### THE UTAH EXPEDITION.

By telegraph from St. Louis we have news from the Utah expedition to New Year. The troops were in excellent spirits. From the Mormon prisoners and straggling Utah Indians Colonel Johnston was well advised of the movements of the Saints, who were making active preparations to continue their resistance to the troops in the spring. Their municipal regulations were very stringent, and they looked with suspicion upon every body the least inclined to favor the action of the United States government. Governor Cumming was performing the duties of his office, as far as he was able. The outward bound mails were making good progress, and the many Indians whom they met manifested friendly feelings.

A letter from Colonel Johnston, dated December 12, has been published. We make the following extracts:

"We are still encamped at this place, and will continue until we move in the spring. The army has abundance of food and clothing, and is well sheltered from cold in Sibley tents. With your knowledge of camp life you would pronounce our situation one of great comfort. These Sibley tents are tall, comical tents, twelve feet high and twenty feet in diameter, open at the top, with a vane to prevent its smoking, which it does not quite do. With a stove or fire built in the middle, it is a great improvement in the comfort of the soldier, but not as good as a wall tent, with a stove, for an officer.

"Some think the Mormons, when it is necessary to make the issue with them, will submit to the government. *I do not agree with them. I think their fanaticism and villainy will lead them to try one encounter at least; and I think our government ought to desire it, as affording a simple solution of a difficult political question.* If they resist, a final settlement would be on the basis of a conquest. We could then dictate to them the terms of adjustment.

Brigham Young wrote to me a few days since, sending as a present some 800 pounds of salt, or if preferred, we might buy it for the troops. Knowing they would entertain a fiendish delight in the knowledge that we would starve or freeze, neither of which we intend to do, although we have no salt, I sent it back to him with this message: That Brigham Young and his associates are in rebellion against the government; that until they return to their allegiance and obey the laws, I will accept no favor or courtesy from them, nor hold any correspondence with them; that when I advance, the people who remain at their homes or engage only in their private business, will be undisturbed. *If I find them arrayed in arms I will attack them wherever I meet them;* that if they entertained the delusive hope that the army would retire from the Territory, they had better banish it; *that the army will never take one step back.*

"A. S. JOHNSTON."

## PERSONAL.

The *Times* says: "A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* corrects, in that journal, a statement borrowed from the New York *Times* in regard to Mr. Everett's recent election to be a foreign correspondent of the French Academy of Moral and Political sciences, by adding the name of Professor Lieber, formerly of the South Carolina College, and now of Columbia College in this city, to those of Messrs. Bancroft and Prescott on the list of 'Foreign Associates.' But the correspondent of the *Post* is himself in error. There are but five *Foreign Associates* of the Academy in question, and the honor conferred upon Mr. Everett, as we previously stated, is of a lower grade. He has been appointed *not* an Associate, but a Corresponding Member, which is a very different thing.

The New York correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* writes of the pianist, Gottschalk: "Gottschalk is in the West Indies yet. I had a long letter from him at St. Thomas. He is making a great deal of money, and is just as much petted and courted there as he has been every where. There is something in the genius of Gottschalk, after all, which I have never found elsewhere. He is really a genius, and his music is peculiarly his own.

Mr. Theodore Sedgwick, of New York, is said by the Boston *Transcript* to have nearly completed, at a cost of $12,000, a beautiful residence on "Gallows Hill," Lenox.

Mr. Silsbee, the new Mayor of Salem, Massachusetts, has put forth his views touching the Temperance question, greatly to the astonishment of the people. He opposes prohibitory laws, and adds: "I have not only studied this subject at home, but in various nations abroad; and have invariably found those the most temperate where the vine grew best, and where all had the freest enjoyment of its blessings. The further north you go among civilized nations the further they are removed from the unadulterated use of the grape, and the higher the price of its products the greater you will find the intemperance of such region of country."

Mr. Fagnani, who came to this country in the suite of Sir Henry Bulwer, and who has since resided in New York, where he has earned a high reputation as a portrait painter, has taken his passage for the *Arago* on the 1st of May. He intends to reside with his family in Paris, where he will practice his beautiful art.

Speaker Holsman, of the New Jersey House of Assembly, entertained one hundred and fifty guests at Trenton on Tuesday. Governor Newell was called to preside. The Newark *Mercury* says: "Mr. Speaker Holsman is one of the youngest men ever placed in the chair of a deliberative body, being only twenty-four years of age; yet he has secured for himself the esteem and approbation of the members, without distinction of party."

A Washington letter in the Boston *Journal* contains the following: "The sudden and serious illness of Mrs. Douglas has thrown a gloom over society here, and inquiries after her health are mingled with speculations as to the probable removal of Calhoun, the fate of the Army Bill, and the disclosures expected from Colonel Wolcott. A few hours before her indisposition commenced she was dancing at a ball given by Mrs. Senator Thompson of New Jersey, and was inviting her numerous friends to attend a *matine dansante* this morning. Since then she has passed near unto the dark valley, and her illness has not only been a source of general anxiety, but has afforded malice an opportunity to discharge its poisoned shafts."

John Brouwer, Esq., formerly President of the East River Insurance Company, but lately doing business as a real estate broker at No. 72 Wall Street, committed suicide by hanging himself on Wednesday night in his own office. Mr. Brouwer did not return to his home, No. 158 Henry Street, Brooklyn, as usual, on Wednesday evening, and as he was absent all night his family became much alarmed. On Thursday forenoon his friends went to his office, but found the door locked. On getting a key and opening the door, Mr. Brouwer was found hanging by a handkerchief to the knob of his iron safe. He had evidently been dead several hours.

The late Chevalier François Andre Michaux, the distinguished botanist, who, together with his father, traveled throughout the United States, has bequeathed to the American Philosophical Society the sum of $14,000 for special purposes connected with his constant aspirations, "the progress of agriculture with reference to the propagation of useful forest trees."

A correspondent of the *Evening Post*, writing from Rome on the 22d of January, says: "The winter here seems to be the reverse of that which I hear prevails on the other side of the Atlantic. Instead of being milder, it is colder than has been known for many years. Yet the lowest point to which the mercury has fallen has been 27° Fahrenheit, and roses and violets are still gathered from the open gardens. There are fewer Americans here than usual this season. Of New Yorkers, however, sojourning among us, are William B. Astor, Senator Fish, Henry De Rham, Edward Matthews, and Theodore Bronson, and others, with their families. In addition to these may be mentioned Governor Aiken, of South Carolina; Dr. Henry, of Philadelphia; Joseph E. Sheffield, of Connecticut; Hon. W. W. Boardman, of Connecticut, with their families; also the family of George P. Robbins, of New York. Hawthorne (Scarlet Letter Hawthorne), I hear, has just arrived."

We find the following in the New York correspondence of the Boston *Journal:*

"Judge Edmond is both a wit and a poet. The Courts in New York are interminably tedious. Judge Davies, who has more of Young America in him than any Judge on the Bench, does all he can to make the tardy advocates of Justice hurry up their march. To allow the long-winded to know how the time passes, the Judge has placed an hour-glass before the Bar. The other day a gentleman known as Mr. Bliss was on the floor. He talked and talked, and it seemed that he would never stop. Judge Edmond was anxious to leave, but could not go till Mr. Bliss had ended his 'argument.' Breaking out in a poetic spirit, Judge Edmond committed the following couplet;

'And while the glass holds out to run,
Endless Bliss has just begun.'"

A correspondent of the *Post* writes from Rome: "Bartholomew, the Hartford sculptor, now in Rome, is soon to send to America a statue of Eve, which has been pur-

chased by a gentleman of Philadelphia. Eve is seated on the stump of a tree, around which the serpent is entwined. Her hands are clasped, and her head bent down—she is evidently contemplating the sad consequences of her disobedience. Her hair hangs disheveled almost to her feet, and forms a graceful drapery. The pedestal is of marble, with bas reliefs, representing the temptation, fall, and expulsion of Adam and Eve."

Hon. T. L. Clingman, Professor Phillips, and other distinguished personages, are engaged in a wordy warfare in the newspapers of North Carolina, to establish the fact whether the late Dr. Mitchell was or was not the first man who gained the top of Black Mountain on a scientific exploration.

Rev. J. J. Dana, of South Adams, Massachusetts, has caused a sensation in that village by a sermon entitled, "The Hole in the Wall, or South Adams as it is." Its rebukes seem to have been aimed at sins at home, instead of the faults of the heathen in Asia, or the stubbornness of the Jews 2000 years ago, and could not fail, therefore, to be rather exciting. Mr. Dana said the sixth commandment of the manufacturer is, "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, and on the seventh make thy repairs."

The New Orleans *Picayune* of the 6th inst. says:

"Among the news of the day we hear that Colonel Preston has sold his extensive plantations in the parish of Ascension, the Houmas, to Mr. Burnside, of this city, for $1,000,000, of which $300,000 cash down. There are 12,000 acres of land, 500 to 600 hands, three sugar-houses, besides a large amount of stock, etc. This is the heaviest landed operation we have been called upon to notice in this State.

The venerable widow of President Harrison, the Cincinnati *Gazette* says, has been for a considerable time confined to her bed, at the residence of her son, J. Scott Harrison. Old age, rather than any particular disease, has asserted its influence upon a naturally robust organization. Mrs. Harrison is now more than eighty years of age.

The Salem *Register* notices the execution of a statuette of "Virginia Dare," in marble, by Miss Louisa Landor, a young artist of that town, who is pursuing her studies of the art of sculpture in Rome. The lady was a pupil of Crawford.

A girl of eleven, in the Taunton poor-house, has just given birth to a child weighing eight pounds. The father is fourteen years old, and the mother was born in the poor-house.

Another strong-minded female is in trouble. Dr. Lydia Sayer Hasbrouck, of Middletown, New York, refused to pay her tax, and her goods, like those of Lucy Stone, have been levied upon.

A man named Maylet was picked up in the street at Keokuk, Iowa, on Friday evening, while laboring under a heavy pressure of liquor, and confined in the calaboose. He represents himself as being a Mormon preacher, and has in his possession an Elder's certificate from his Highness, Brigham Young.

# FOREIGN NEWS.

## ENGLAND.

### PARLIAMENT.

PARLIAMENT reassembled on 4th February. Lord Palmerston gave notice of his bill to amend the government of India; and Earl Grey gave notice of a petition from the East India Company against any change. Lord Palmerston likewise gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill to amend the law relative to conspiracies to commit murder.

Mr. Roebuck asked Lord Palmerston whether there had been any communications between the governments of France and England respecting the Alien Act, or any alteration in the criminal code of England. He spoke with much bitterness against the Emperor of the French, and against the position taken by Counts de Morny and Persigny, and the addresses of the French army in regard to the recent attempted assassination of the Emperor.

Lord Palmerston said in reply that a dispatch had been addressed by the Foreign Minister of France to the French Embassador in London upon the late transactions in Paris, and conveying the wish of the French government that the British government should take such measures in consequence that they in their wisdom might think fit, but not pointing out any measures whatever. The French Minister simply left the case to the British government. No reply had been made to the dispatch of the French government. He condemned the intemperate language of Mr. Roebuck, and repelled his charges against the French Embassador.

A resolution was adopted conferring pensions of £1000 a year each to the widow of the late Sir H. Havelock and the present baronet.

### THE LAUNCH OF THE LEVIATHAN.

The *Leviathan* was launched at last on Sunday, 31st January. We take from the *Times* the following extracts relative to the event:

"Friday afternoon's high tide gave a depth of 18 feet 2 inches under her stern. The tide of Friday night should have been some four or five inches higher, but the change of wind kept it down to less than 15 feet.

"All Saturday the adverse wind continued, but on Sunday the weather was fine, clear, and calm, with scarcely any breeze, and what little there was all in favor of the vessel and a high tide. The public had been so often disappointed as to the launch that, although it seemed generally known that yesterday was the best and highest tide, and that, if ever, she would float on that day, the prospect of her floating at all seemed quite as generally disbelieved. The presence of all the workmen in the yard yesterday, therefore, was regarded as a thing of no account, and not till the huge monster actually floated did the preparations for hauling her off seem to excite much interest.

"The tide ran up with unusual swiftness; and as the flood relieved the weight upon the launching ways, some of the hydraulic machines were set to work, for the last time, to push the monster as far as possible into the centre of the river. She moved easily, and with such a low rate of pressure, that a short time gave an advance of 80 inches, which showed that more than half the cradles were quite pushed off the ways and rested on the river bottom. At half past one the men in the row-boats stationed alongside observed that she no longer rested on the cradles—that she was, in fact, afloat, but, of course, the transition was so gradual that few were aware of it until the tugs began steaming ahead, and showed that at last she was fairly under way. Then the cheers which arose from the yard and from the decks, from the boats in the river and the crews of the ships at anchor up and down the stream, spread the great news far and wide, and thus, under the most favorable circumstances, the *Leviathan* commenced her first voyage on the Thames.

### THE SURGING OF HER CRADLES.

"Two powerful tug-boats were at her bows and two were fastened astern. Other steamers also were in attendance and rendered their aid, but the efforts of the four we have mentioned were mainly instrumental in managing her. At first the efforts of those ahead seemed to have little effect, and when at length some way was made on her it was abruptly checked by one of the paddle-wheels fouling the cradles. It took some time to clear her of this obstacle, but at last it was accomplished; her head was let swing partly round with the tide, and the steamers began moving her slowly, but very slowly, forward, clear of the cradles. These, as our readers are aware, were composed of immense balks of timber, on which the vessel's bottom rested, and which her weight alone kept down. The police, therefore, had to take unusual precautions yesterday to keep all boats clear of her while the wrecks of the cradles plunged up in tremendous masses as each was released by the onward movement of the *Leviathan*.

"It was curious to see these huge groups of beams emerge from the river, rising rapidly from the surface of the water 20 or 30 feet, with a slow, heavy movement, and then falling over with a great crash that churned the water into foam around them. Some, broken and splintered by the violence with which they were thrown against each other, formed a loose tangle of timber-work, and went slowly drifting up the river in little islands, which rose some four or five feet from the water. Others, long after the great mass had floated up, came plunging to the surface, falling about in a way that showed the necessity of the precautions taken by the police, and the certain destruction that would have overwhelmed any boat within their reach.

### TERMINATION OF HER FIRST VOYAGE.

"After some further obstacles the *Leviathan* was again got under way and brought slowly down to her moorings opposite Deptford. Here she was instantly made fast, stem and stern, to the Government moorings in the centre of the river, at a part where, even at low water, she will have almost double the depth required to float her."

### DEPARTURE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

The Prince and Princess Frederick William, of Prussia, quitted England on the 2d inst. They proceeded from London by railroad to Gravesend, where they embarked in the royal yacht, under a salute from Tilbury Fort and the squadron in attendance, and amidst the enthusiastic cheers of the assembled crowds. In the City of London and along the route there was a perfect ovation to the young couple.

### THE PARTING BETWEEN THE PRINCESS AND HER FAMILY.

At Gravesend fifty-eight young ladies had been directed to strew flowers under the feet of the young bride. They were all uniformly attired in light white dresses, with mantles of blue, trimmed with swan's-down, and on their heads a wreath of drooping lilies of the valley. With much good taste the young ladies selected for this graceful act of homage to the Princess were nearly all children, and their faces were radiant with delight, partly in anticipation of their pleasing duties, and perhaps also in recollection of the conspicuous and striking feature which they themselves formed in the tableau. The Mayor's daughter, an exceedingly pretty and interesting child, came laden with a magnificent bouquet, which she was specially charged to present to the bride. In compliance with some stentorian injunctions issued just before the advent of the Royal party, there was very little cheering on the pier itself, and the good taste of this arrangement among such a number of people, in such a comparatively confined space, was obvious. Still, however, it could not altogether prevent the cheers which greeted the bride as she stood leaning on her husband's arm. Her face was slightly flushed, as if with the excitement of the scene; and, with her eyes red and swollen, as if from weeping, she courtesied with a stately grace peculiarly her own, in return for the deep reverences which welcomed her, and seemed, though self-possessed, to look around with something of a feeling of timidity and hesitation.

The Princess soon entered the cabin of the royal yacht, and there took leave of her father and brothers. On reappearing on deck the Prince Consort was grave, but composed, though the effort which it cost him to maintain an appearance of serenity was visible to all. With less self-command, the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred made little attempt to conceal their grief, and the latter especially wept with all that bitterness which marks the affliction of the young. The yacht then weighed anchor. As she steamed away the Prince Consort waved his hand to the Royal bridegroom again and again, but kept his composure, but not so did the young Princes, whose grief seemed only redoubled by the tokens of farewell around them. Neither could conceal his sorrow, and neither tried to do so, but stood brushing away the tears from their eyes, and still watching the royal yacht, till, as her distance from the shore increased, Prince Alfred fairly hid his face in his handkerchief and sobbed as if his heart was breaking. On such an occasion there were not many who could resist the contagious influence of a sorrow so innocent and so sincere, and there were few who looked with dry eyes upon this scene at the departure of the daughter of England.

### THE PROPOSED ALIEN LAW IN ENGLAND.

The *Press* says: "We believe we may state confidently, that among the earliest measures introduced by Government at the approaching meeting of Parliament, a bill, framed with special reference to the recent atrocious attempt upon the life of the Emperor of the French, will be produced to restrict the privileges of aliens. It is obvious that the unrestricted liberty hitherto enjoyed by political refugees in this country has been conditional. There has ever existed a tacit understanding that our hospitality was not to be abused; and if such men commit a wilful infraction of that understanding, they can have no just cause of complaint at the imposition of a restrictive law."

### LADY BULWER IN TROUBLE AGAIN.

It seems from a circular signed "Isaac Ironside, *Free Press* office, Sheffield," that Lady Bulwer Lytton is in urgent distress, and has nothing to hope from her husband. She has been advised to have recourse to legal proceedings against him, and Mr. Ironside solicits subscriptions from her friends to defray the expenses of the suit.

## FRANCE.

### MEETING OF AMERICANS AT PARIS.

A very numerous and highly respectable meeting of Americans was held on 29th January, in the Hôtel du Louvre, Paris, to express their sentiments on the recent atrocious attempt to assassinate the Emperor of the French. The Hon. John Wethered, ex-member of the United States Congress, was called to the Chair, and in a few observations he explained the object of the meeting. Mr. Pillé, of Louisiana, then proposed, and Mr. Prescott, of Boston, seconded the following resolutions:

"*Whereas*, By the Constitution of the United States, the conduct of our relations with foreign Governments is confided to the President of the United States, we, as citizens of the United States, now assembled, disclaim all inclination of purpose to interfere with the Executive of our country in the discharge of its duties; and,

"*Whereas*, While temporarily sojourning in Paris, an attempt has been made to assassinate their Majesties the Emperor and Empress of the French, and that by means which necessarily endangered the lives of many of both sexes and all ages, against whom the murderers could have had no cause of ill-will; and,

"*Whereas*, Americans regard with horror the crime of assassination and such diabolical attempts to commit it;

"*Resolved*, That we have heard with detestation of the attempt made on the 14th inst. to destroy the lives of the reigning Emperor and Empress of the French.

"*Resolved*, That we express our congratulations at the escape which, under Providence, has been accorded to their Majesties from the terrible dangers to which they were exposed.

"*Resolved*, That the Chairman of this meeting be requested to communicate these resolutions, so that they may be made known to their Majesties."

These resolutions having been put from the chair, were adopted unanimously, and the Chairman signed them. The meeting then broke up.

### THE EMPRESS TO BE REGENT.

On Feb. 2, M. Fould read the following Message to the Senate from the Emperor:

"MESSIEURS LES SENATEURS,—The *Senatus-Consultum* of the 17th of July, 1856, leaves a doubt which I now think it advisable to put an end to. In fact, it only confers the Regency on the Empress, or, she failing, on French Princes, provided the Emperor has not by some public or secret act willed it otherwise.

"'I believe I am responding to the public wish at the same time that I follow my own feelings of the highest confidence in the Empress by designating her as Regent. Actuated by the same feeling, I designate, she failing, as her successors in the Regency, the French Princes in order of hereditary succession to the Crown.

"'I have also wished to provide for any doubts which might arise as regards the Council of Regency from the alternatives left open by the 18th Article of the *Senatus-Consultum* of the 17th of July. Consequently, I have established a Privy Council, which, with the addition of two French Princes nearest in the line of hereditary succession, will become the Council of Regency from the sole fact of the accession of the Emperor a minor, if at that moment I should not have established another by public act. This Privy Council, formed of men who enjoy my confidence, will be consulted on the great affairs of the State, and will prepare itself by the study of the duties and necessities of a Government for the important task which the future may have in reserve for it.

"'Whereupon, I pray God to have you in His holy keeping. NAPOLEON.

"'PALACE OF THE TUILERIES, *February* 1, 1858.'"

The Message was accompanied by letters patent, nominating the Empress Regent and the following a Council of Regency: His Eminence Cardinal Morlot, his Excellency Marshal Duke of Malakhoff, his Excellency M. Achille Fould, his Excellency M. Troplong, his Excellency Count de Morny, his Excellency M. Baroche, his Excellency Count de Persigny.

### THE NEW REPRESSIVE MEASURES.

The repressive measure which has been proposed to the Corps Legislatif consists of certain additions to several of the articles of the Penal Code. Article 2 punishes with imprisonment of from one month to two years every individual who, with the object of disturbing the public peace, or of exciting hatred and contempt against the Government of the Emperor, shall have practiced any intrigues or carried on any correspondence either within this country or abroad. 3. Every individual who, without being authorized, shall have manufactured, sold, or distributed, firstly, destructive machines acting by explosion or otherwise; secondly, fulminating powder of whatever description, shall be punished with imprisonment for six months to five years, and by a fine of 50 to 3000 francs. Article 7 declares as following: "Any individual may be *interne* in France or Algeria, or expelled, who was condemned, expelled, *interne*, or transported in May or June, 1848, in June, 1849, or in December, 1851, and who may again have been pointed out by important circumstances as dangerous to public safety."

### EMASCULATED CONDITION OF THE PRESS.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* writes: "This extreme severity has reduced the press to the most extenuated condition. It is not the shadow of what it was. No journalist thinks of expressing an opinion of his own on the topics of the day. To speak or to be mute is equally hazardous. The *Spectateur* was suppressed for having, at the close of its article denouncing the crime of the 14th, said a few words about hereditary right; the *Journal des Débats* is denounced for not saying enough; and the *Phare de la Loire* officially reprimanded for quoting its authority for a fact. I take the papers this morning as a specimen of what the press is reduced to. The first in seniority, rank, and talent, the *Journal des Débats*, contains a brief summary of intelligence from India, taken from the English papers, from New York, from Mexico, from Hayti, and the *Vienna Gazette*. The rest of its first and second page is occupied with extracts, most cautiously selected, from the European and provincial journals, or from the French *Moniteur*; the third page contains a review of the literary works of Rancon, and the fourth advertisements and theatrical news.

### SECOND ESCAPE OF THE BARK ADRIATIC.

From the following paragraph from the Paris Correspondence of the London *Globe*, it may be inferred that Captain Durham, of the bark *Adriatic*, has again eluded the vigilance of the French authorities, and has made his second escape from captivity:

"You have already heard how that maritime Jack Sheppard, Captain Durham of the *Adriatic* clipper, has broken loose again, and is once more over the waters of the dark blue sea. Count Cavour telegraphed to the authorities at Marseilles and Toulon his arrival in the Gulf of Spezzia, whence the French war steamers dragged him to Genoa, the weather being too stormy to proceed farther. It would appear that they relied on the Genoese Captain of the Port for safe custody, and the port Captain on the French; but between them, amidst the squalls and darkness, the clipper crept out at night, and dashed off in a smart and clever style. Lever tells of a Tipperary peasant, when asked to pay for prayers for his son, who had come to grief, saying: 'My boy, when alive, broke out of every jail in Munster, and he won't stay long in purgatory.'"

### MARSHAL BOSQUET WOUNDED IN A DUEL.

A correspondent writes: "A duel was fought a few days ago between Marshal Bosquet and a general officer whose name I am not at liberty to mention. The Marshal was wounded. The cause of meeting was very delicate, essentially French. In some countries, instead of being called out, the gallant Marshal would till lately have figured as defendant in a crim. con. case. The outraged husband surprised the guilty couple *flagrante delicto*, and according to French law would have been justified in avenging his honor by killing the adulterer on the spot. The authorities are trying to hush up the matter."

### ANOTHER NEWSPAPER WARNED.

The editor of the *Phare de la Loire*, a journal published at Nantes, has received a warning from the Prefect of the Department, for having published an article describing the opening of the Legislative Session, in which a doubt is cast on the fact of the Emperor's speech having been received with cries of "Vive l'Empereur! Vive l'Imperatrice! Vive le Prince Imperial!" The speech, it appears, was forwarded to the papers previously to its delivery, with the "Vives" inserted at the places where it was thought by the authorities they ought to occur. The *Phare* said that the cries were stated to have been uttered, but did not confirm the assertion that they actually were so.

### FUNERAL OF THE QUEEN OF OUDE.

A Paris paper thus describes the funeral of the Queen: "During the night the body of the Queen, after having been embalmed and wrapped up, received from the hands of the princesses and the women of their suite the last marks of attention. A diadem was placed on her brow, a necklace of lapis lazuli round her neck, and circlets of amber round her arms and legs. A number of amulets were also attached to the covering in which the body was enveloped. The coffin was of rather singular form, as it was made to receive the body in a sitting posture. It was entirely lined with wadding covered over with silk. Prayers were recited during the whole night by the Mohammedan priests who had accompanied the Queen on her journey, it being to that religion that her Majesty belonged, and not to the Buddhists, as has been erroneously stated. The females also watched during the whole night near the body. In the morning the rich ornaments were taken off, and the last preparations having been completed, the body was placed in the coffin, which, being covered with gold brocade, was raised amidst the tears of all the persons present, and placed on the funeral car. This vehicle was hung with white silk, and drawn by six horses richly caparisoned. Six officers of the Queen walked by the side of the car, and behind it was the brother and the chief officer of the household of the deceased. The chief mourner was Prince Mirz, son of the deceased, who leaned on the arm of General d'Orgoni. The prince wore a sort of red turban, richly ornamented with precious stones, and surmounted by an aigrette in diamonds. After him walked the servants of the Queen. Thirteen mourning coaches followed, the cortége being headed and closed by a body of *sergents de ville*, who had some difficulty in clearing the way, so dense was the crowd assembled. The procession went along the Boulevards to Pére-Lachaise, and, after appropriate prayers had been recited in the mosque, the body was deposited in the Turkish cemetery." The proceedings then terminated, and the crowd dispersed.

## RUSSIA.

### NARROW ESCAPE OF A DIVER AT SEBASTOPOL.

The following is from a letter communicated to the *Tribune*:

"We had a terrible excitement on board one day last week. One of the divers (Harris, the English marine spoken of before), a first-rate fellow, and bold as a lion, goes down examining the outside of the ship on which they are at work. He had been forward and was going aft, along the bottom, in sixty feet of water, when he suddenly signaled for more air, and though the pressure was instantly increased, two more signals for 'air,' and 'to come up,' followed in rapid succession, and then ceased all reply to signals given. Thinking the fault was in the air-pump, the speed was increased until a pipe bursting near the engine showed that the hose was foul. Then they shouted to the other diving party, in a row-boat at a little distance, to come to the rescue. That diver was brought up by his tenders, and they commenced rowing for the steamer. Meanwhile, poor Harris made no more response to the anxious signaling of his tenders, and they had tried in vain to haul him up—the 'life-line' was also foul. The pump was kept slowly in motion, but no bubbles came up from the water, and we knew that no air was reaching him. The row-boat was coming as fast as possible, but I thought it never would arrive. At last they came alongside. The diver's helmet was closed, strong hands worked rapidly and silently, and in an instant he was lowered out of sight, the hose of his suffocating companion in his hand: there was an interval of two or three minutes of fearful suspense, in which no word was spoken by any of the score of men gathered there, save one whisper—'It must be too late.' Suddenly a second column of rising air-bubbles appeared. 'The hose is cleared—he has air!' several voices spoke eagerly. Then followed the signal for rising, and up they came, poor Harris all stark and motionless. 'Stop the pump, he is dead!' said one, unscrewing the eye-glass through which he saw the ghastly countenance and frothy lips. But the cold air striking his livid face, the eyelids half opened and closed again. 'He is alive!' they all cried, joyfully, and removing the unsightly helmet, and dashing water on his head and breast, he presently began to breathe perceptibly, and after an hour's diligent rubbing from as many strong and willing hands as could get around him, he began to come to consciousness. He suffered great pain for hours in the head and breast, but is now altogether recovered, and diving as usual."

## INDIA.

### NO QUARTER GIVEN.

An officer in command of a regiment says: "I never let my men take prisoners, but shoot them at once. I have made made many a Sepoy pay the penalty for mutinying and killing my brother officers and friends, and trust more will suffer ere I have done."

## CHINA.

### DIPLOMATIC AFFAIRS.

The correspondent of the London *Times* says: "There has been solemn conference at Macao, and it has been whispered that Count Putiatine was admitted to the councils of Lord Elgin and Baron Gros. A rumor soon spread that Mr. Reed had taken an independent line, and had met with a rebuff. He had, so went the story, sent a proposal to Yeh to treat with him inside the city, but Yeh replied that he should be happy to see him outside the city, but could not think of admitting any barbarian within the walls of Canton. Mr. Reed then proceeded to Macao, but even rumor did not venture to affirm what he proposed to himself by this journey, or whether the rather contemptuous refusal he had just received had in any way modified his opinion as to entangling alliances. The Chinese have another version of this affair. They profess to have seen a copy of the answer, and laugh when they speak of it. I have not been able to induce any of them to procure me a transcript, and can not make much of their description of it. If it should reach you by way of America, I think you will find that the Imperial Commissioner has replied to his Excellency, Mr. Reed, by what is vulgarly called 'a sell,' a sort of Chinese version of 'Don't you wish you may get it?' Certain it is that Mr. Reed is very irate with his Celestial friends, and has rather abandoned his idea of being master of the position. Yeh seems resolved to show the world that he is determined to carry out the policy openly acknowledged in that notorious Chinese state paper, and to consider the terms of the last treaty binding only so long as he had not force enough to break them. He seems to be confident also that the present is a proper season for perseverance in this policy. He has doubtless heard of the might and wonderful contrivances of the *Minnesota*. Nothing that can be said in praise of her discipline and arrangements, her exquisitely-finished machinery for economizing labor and time in the working of her guns, her Sharpe's rifles, her officers' cabins, and her state reception-rooms, can be too great praise, but Yeh has heard all about these."

### NARROW ESCAPE OF THE ILLUSTRATED NEWS CORRESPONDENT.

He adds: "Another affair has happened, which has attracted some attention. Intelligence travels slowly from ship to ship in our widely separated force, but I believe the circumstances are these: On the afternoon of Monday, Lieutenant Pym, of Arctic celebrity, who now commands the *Banterer*, landed for exercise in the neighborhood of a Mandarin village some way down the river. He was accompanied by Mr. Wurgman, the artist who is here sketching for the *Illustrated News*. Allured by the friendly appearance of the inhabitants, they entered the village, and they appear also to have entered the house of the Mandarin there. Whether Lieutenant Pym was acting prudently or properly in doing this I am not able to state; my information is too indistinct to allow me to offer even a suggestion upon this point. All that is certain is, that, as the party returned to the boat, the population of the village suddenly encompassed them, and poured in a volley from gingals and other fire-arms. Five men were killed. Lieutenant Pym was shot through both legs. The interpreter then jumped overboard, and was followed by several of the men, who retreated across the paddy fields. They were followed by the Chinese multitude, and six wounded. All this took place within sight of the *Nankin*, whence assistance was, of course, dispatched at the first sound of fire-arms. The *Nankin* men arrived just in time to rescue Lieutenant Pym, who was keeping the Chinese at bay with his sword and revolver. Of the whole party every one was either killed or wounded, except Mr. Wurgman and two seamen. This seems to have been a most treacherous and unprovoked assault, and an attack upon the village was subsequently made by the *Nankin*. The first attempt was, I believe, not very successful, but it will doubtless be renewed."

## MEXICO.

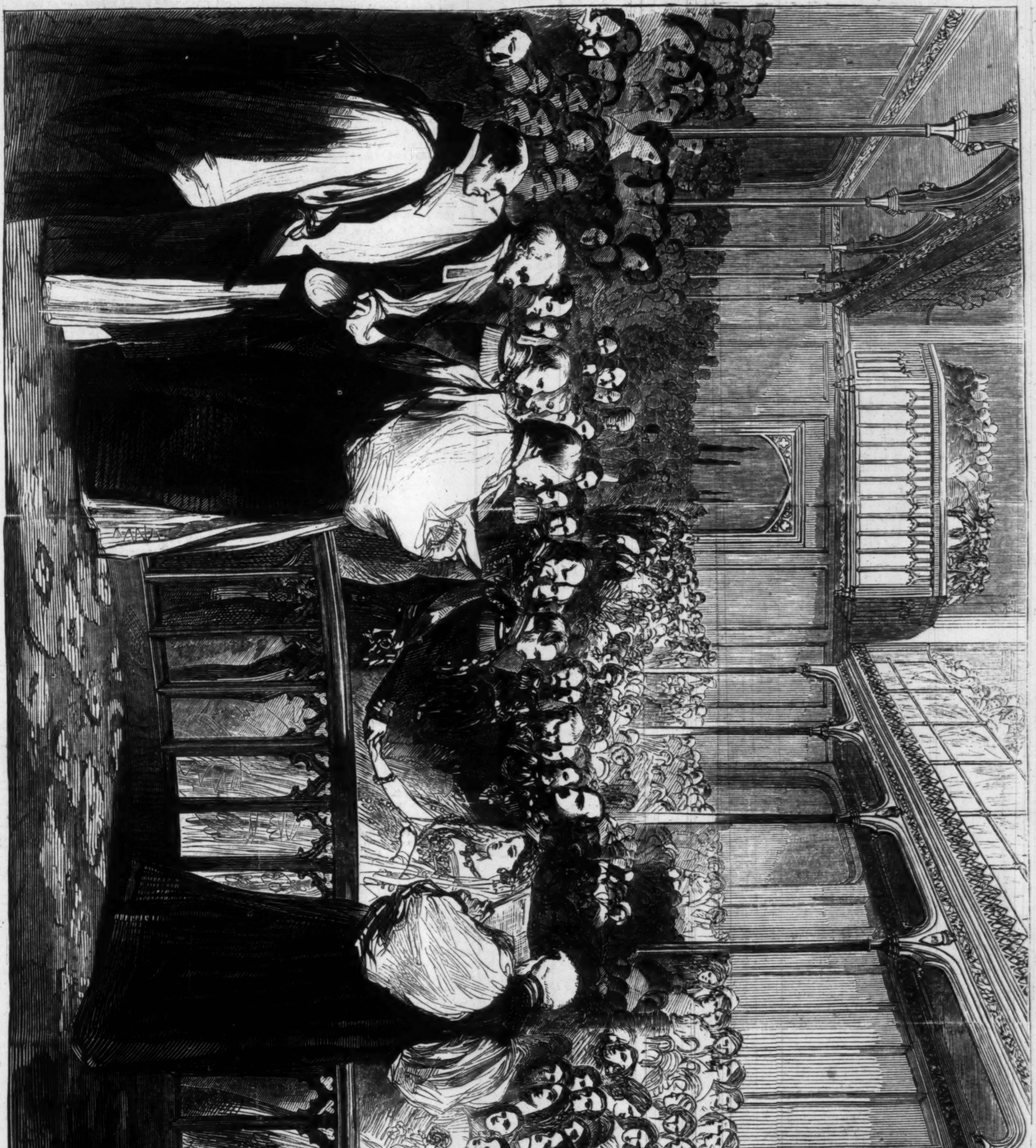
### THE FALL OF COMONFORT.

The correspondent of the *Herald* writes: "On Wednesday, the 19th ultimo, the firing commenced at 11 A.M. with unusual severity, and the day will long be memorable in the annals of this city as that on which occurred the fiercest fighting which Mexico has ever witnessed, although fighting, or rather civil wars, are common here. The bombardment was sustained without an instant's intermission, until late in the afternoon, and as the fire was well directed, great havoc was made in many parts of the city.

"About 2 P.M. the pronunciados obtained possession of one of the most important positions of the government, and repelled a large force of government troops which were sent against them. Having once obtained this position, they silenced immediately one of the most effective batteries of the government party, and brought their guns to bear with telling effect upon the San Francisco, the palace, and in fact all the remaining posts of the government. The success of the pronunciados here inspired confidence throughout their ranks, and, of course, struck terror upon both the leaders and men of the government. To such an extent did the panic spread among the government troops that long before the chances of their success became desperate, they deserted in bodies with their officers at their heads, and passed over to the enemy, preferring such a course, dishonorable and dangerous as it might be, to trusting themselves to the tender mercies of the pronunciados in case of a defeat. Comonfort himself, though he manifested the most admirable courage and coolness throughout the whole affair, was rendered powerless by the desertion of his forces, and was obliged to retire to the palace while he yet held it, and make hasty preparations for flight. Thus, in one day, by a successful manœuvre on the part of the pronunciados, and the desertion of the government troops, a civil war which, under ordinary circumstances, would have lasted many weeks, was brought to an end at once. On the following morning, Thursday, the 21st, Comonfort, with the miserable remnant of his former army which still remained faithful to him, left the city and took the road to Vera Cruz. All the positions which had been held by the government were abandoned during the night, and the pronunciados entered them triumphantly on the following morning.

"The rejoicings being over, General Zuloaga, one of the leaders of his party, and a man who has risen from the lowest station in life, was duly elected President of the republic, and *en suite* all the other public officers were elected in the same manner."

THE BRIDESMAIDS



THE WEDDING OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL OF ENGLAND.

## THE WEDDING OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL OF ENGLAND.

OF the illustrations on the preceding page, one represents the wedding of the Princess Royal of England in the Royal Chapel, in St. James's Palace, London; the other, the noble bridesmaids who attended the Princess to the altar. The attention which the event has attracted throughout the world will justify the space which it occupies in this week's paper.

The Princess Royal was born on 21st November, 1840, and was duly christened by the names of Victoria Adelaide Maria Louisa. As she was the eldest child of the Queen, she was, until her brother was born, the heir-apparent to the throne, and as such occupied, during the first year of her life, more of the public attention than she has ever obtained since. Her doings and sufferings during that first year were elaborately chronicled by the most serious journals of Great Britain; a whole volume was written on the acute agony she endured when, in the courtly language of the Jenkins of the day, "she was first introduced, at the age of six months, to solid food." In the course of the next year however her brother made his appearance, and the poor Princess relapsed into a secondary rank.

From time to time, however, she furnished the Court newsman with material for a paragraph. When she was four or five years old, she was kept awake one night by the incessant coughing of a sentry under her window. She seems to have made no remark about it; but next evening, hearing the same cough as she was walking on the terrace, she ran up to the unfortunate cougher, and asked, in infantile accents,

"How is your cough, soldier? I hope it's better."

This was considered an extraordinary evidence of the Princess's amiability; no doubt justly.

She was eight years old when, on the occasion of the Prince of Prussia's visit to England, the possibility of an alliance with the Royal House of England seems to have dawned upon the mind of the House of Brandenburg-Hohenzollern. She drove out, we are told, with the Prince of Prussia; and he was, or appeared to be, equally surprised and delighted at the vivacity and intelligence displayed by the youthful Princess. His son, Prince Frederick William, was seventeen—nine years older than the Princess. It is believed that he was straightway notified that it depended upon himself to make a proper impression upon the child, who was the best match in Europe.

When the happy couple first met is not recorded in history; but it is certain that when the Princess was fifteen she was staying at the Queen's highland home, at Balmoral, and was there visited by Prince Frederick William. The young people walked and rode together—saw as much of each other as they pleased; and, whether they only followed the dictates of their own feelings, or their part was prompted by the senior managers of the affair, before Prince Frederick William left they were privately engaged.

The course of true love, it seems, can not run smooth even in royal families. An accident very nearly deprived the Prussian lover of his lady-love. In a fit of abstraction, one evening in her boudoir, the Princess raised her arm over a taper, and set fire to her gauze sleeve. It was summer time, and her whole attire was of that gossamer tissue which is best calculated to burn; for a moment it seemed possible that the unfortunate girl would be burned alive. She showed, however, enough presence of mind to take up her dress and roll her burning arm tightly in it; by this means the fire was extinguished, and the Princess escaped with some severe burns.

Soon after this the attitude of Prussia in the Crimean war threatened to disturb the happiness of the young couple. The King of Prussia was the brother-in-law and intimate friend of the Emperor Nicholas. Furthermore, Prussia had no political motive whatever for participating in a contest in which she had no real interest. When, therefore, the King of Prussia was solicited by the Western Powers to espouse their cause against Russia he resolutely refused. The English, proverbially selfish and prejudiced, refused to consider for a moment the situation of the Prussian monarch; they treated his judicious neutrality as a vile crime, and railed at him as though he had been a pariah. We can all remember the caricatures with which *Punch* pursued "King Cliquot," and the bitter diatribes which overflowed from the London press. One of these anti-Prussian articles touched a tender spot. A hint of the engagement of the Princess Royal was given to the *Times*; and that journal fiercely inquired whether "a daughter of England" was to be traded off to the heir of England's enemy? The situation was difficult. Though, of course, the Queen could marry her daughters to whom she pleased, she could not obtain a portion for them save from Parliament, and that, as the Court well knew, could never be obtained so long as the *Times* denounced the marriage. The Queen's advisers resolved to temporize. The young lovers were separated. The Prince went back to his Court, the Princess to her studies; meanwhile Queen Victoria on one side, and the King of Prussia on the other, prayed earnestly that some accident would relieve them from their embarrassment.

It was the knowledge of the antipathy entertained by the English for the Prussian marriage which induced the young King of Sardinia to visit England. He, too, was in search of a wife, and was not insensible either to the general advantages of an alliance with the English House of Brunswick, or to the particular comfort of a fat settlement secured to his wife by Parliament. He was very popular in England, as he had done precisely what Prussia had refused to do; he had sent a contingent to the Crimea. He was a fine looking young fellow, with generous, liberal instincts, and remarkable capacity as a lady-killer. Altogether there seemed to be a fair prospect for his suit, in case he pressed it. How the affair came to an end we are not yet informed. It is generally surmised that the Queen, whose Protestantism is of no tolerant kind, interposed a veto on the marriage of her daughter to a Roman Catholic. Courtiers assert that the Princess, having once plighted her troth, had too much honor to entertain the idea of encouraging another aspirant. Certain it is that the King of Sardinia failed.

The next point was to overcome the prejudice existing in the British mind against every thing Prussian. This was managed with considerable dexterity. The Prussian press were warned by the police that the least allusion to the approaching marriage would involve the immediate suppression of the indiscreet newspaper. The British press were conciliated by the Court: they were invited to state ceremonies, and more generally recognized by the reigning powers than had ever been the case before. Peace had been declared with Russia; thus the cause of offense was removed. Personally, the young Prussian was not unpopular; a recent incident had won him the favor of a large section of the British people. The Baron Hinckeldy, Minister of Police at Berlin, had rendered himself very odious to the Prussian nobility by some act or other; by way of revenging themselves, the Prussian nobles decided not to dance with Mademoiselle Hinckeldy at a State Ball which was to be given just afterward. Their decision was communicated to Prince Frederick William. He immediately answered, "Gentlemen, it appears to me that whatever differences you may have with Baron Hinckeldy should be settled with himself, and not with his daughter. For my part, I intend to open the ball with that lady." The story got wind and did the Prince credit.

At length, in May, 1856, it was considered safe to venture upon a public announcement of the engagement; and, after some preliminary "feelers," the *Gazette* announced the official consent of the Queen to the "contract of matrimony." No stir was made till, in the spring of 1857, a formal application was made to Parliament for "a provision" for the Princess Royal. For some weeks before the imminence of such an application had been obvious, and the Radical and Opposition press had sounded notes of alarm. A natural outcry was raised against the taxation of the people of England to support the wife of a Prussian Prince. There is reason to believe that the advisers of the Court at least connived at the utterance of extravagant rumors with regard to the amount which the Princess would expect. At all events stories were freely circulated before Parliament met, to the effect that a hundred thousand pounds down, and twenty thousand a year, were the least that the Princess would take. The Radicals prepared for action on the basis of these figures. Thus it happened, that, when the Government declared that the Queen would be satisfied with less than half these amounts, the Opposition was cheated out of its capital; and after a few wordy speeches, Parliament granted, by a large majority, a dowry of $200,000 down, and an annuity of $40,000 a year. A very comfortable thing in Prussia; especially as the whole allowance of Prince Frederick William is only $30,000 a year.

The wedding was postponed by various accidents—the illness of the King of Prussia, the death of the Duchess of Nemours, etc.—till the 25th of January. A general wish was expressed that the ceremony should take place in Westminster Abbey, which is a very large building, capable of receiving several thousand spectators; but the expense of fitting up so large a building for a marriage induced the Court to defy public opinion, and to adhere to the original design of having the marriage celebrated in the old Chapel Royal in St. James's Palace. The event set newspaper men a thinking about the history of the building which was to be honored by the nuptial ceremony; whence it appeared that, after having served as a monastery for many years, it became a hospital for "maiden lepers;" then a palace, where Anne Boleyn pined away, where remorse embittered the last days of Bloody Queen Mary, where Charles the First took leave of his family on the night before his execution, where Charles the Second was born, where Anne and the Georges spent their dull, uninteresting lives. Not an auspicious place to be married in, certainly. The Chapel was restored to good odor by the marriage of Queen Victoria in February, 1840; but remembrances still hung round it of that fatally inauspicious marriage which took place there a quarter of a century before, when George the Fourth, fortified by copious drams of brandy, submitted to be united by candlelight to the unhappy Caroline of Brunswick.

A very full account of the ceremony was given in last week's paper.

The bridesmaids selected were Lady Cecilia Lennox, Lady Susan Pelham Clinton, Lady Susan Murray, Lady Catherine Hamilton, Lady Cecilia Molyneux, Lady Emma Stanley, Lady Constance Villiers, and Lady Victoria Noel. It may be presumed that they were selected as much from family considerations as from their intimacy with the bride. Lady Emma Stanley is the daughter of the Earl of Derby; Lady Constance Villiers of the Earl of Clarendon; Lady Susan Clinton of the Duke of Newcastle; the fathers of the other bridesmaids, though of the highest rank, are less known than those we have named. In describing their appearance as they entered the chapel, the reporter of the *Times* remarks:

"It is but faint praise to say how well those noble maidens upheld even the high traditionary fame of England's beauty—how bright they showed, even in an assemblage of the fairest and noblest of the land. As they move slowly forward, scanning the brilliant audience with timid glances now and then, the lines which Dryden has applied to the Queen's attendants, in the 'Flower and the Leaf,' irresistibly occur to memory, and the spectators realize the vision of the poet when he sung—

'A train less fair, as ancient fathers tell,
Seduc'd the sons of Heaven to rebel.
I pass their form and every charming grace,
Less than an angel would their worth debase.
But their attire, like liveries of a kind
Simple, but rich, is fresh within my mind;
In satin white as snow the troop was gown'd,
The seams with sparkling jewels set around.'

"The dresses worn by this fair train are from a design furnished by the illustrious bride herself. They consist of a white glace petticoat, entirely covered by six deep tulle flounces, over which falls a tunic of tulle trimmed with ruches of tulle, looped up on one side with a bouquet of pink roses and white heather. The body is trimmed with draperies of tulle, with hanging sleeves of the same material, trimmed with ruches. A bouquet of the same flowers is worn in the girdle and upon each shoulder."

Of the bride's dress we gave in our last number a pretty full description. Our old subscribers will remember that we likewise gave, at the time of her betrothal, in No. 25 of the *Weekly*, an excellent portrait of her and of the Prussian Prince Frederick William. Without being beautiful, she has a pleasing countenance; her cheeks are ripe and full, her eyes good, her auburn hair very heavy and rich; her face is best described, perhaps, by saying that it is thoroughly English. Were it not so frequently obscured by a frown, it would be subject of more genuine poetic admiration. The Princess's figure is excellent. Wholesome exercise in the open air—riding and walking—have imparted to her frame a strength and elasticity which are rare even among ladies who are not so fortunate as to be princesses.

Needless to say that the wedding has given a tremendous impetus to the poetic fervor of the British literati. Tons of verse have been offered on the nuptial altar; the sacrifices of rhyme, good taste, and common sense have indeed been immense. We can only make room for a couple of these.

The first is the poem *obligato* by the Poet Laureate, Alfred Tennyson, who receives $1500 a year for firing off such verses when the state of the nation requires them. It runs as follows:

God bless our Prince and bride!
God keep their lands allied,
  God save the Queen!
Clothe them with righteousness,
Crown them with happiness,
Them with all blessings bless,
  God save the Queen!

Fair fall this hallowed hour,
Farewell, our England's flower,
  God save the Queen!
Farewell, fair rose of May!
Let both the peoples say,
God bless thy marriage day,
  God bless the Queen!

The other is by the famous editor of *Punch*, Mark Lemon, and has been set to music by Frank Romer. It reads as follows:

Fair-haired cupids wrought the gold
Which her finger doth enfold,
Each with diamond pure and bright
On a perfect chrysolite
  Hammered, hammered merrily;

When the dew was newly shed,
Ere its Eden-scent had fled,
Fairy hands from fairy bowers
All her wreath of bridal flowers
  Gathered, gathered lovingly;

All the music that belongs
To summer's eves like angels' songs,
Songs we scarcely hear yet feel,
Seem to make her bridal peal,
  Ringing, ringing joyfully.

In the cot and lordly tower
Love thus maketh up her dower—
Kindly words half hushed in tears—
Hopeful prayers for coming years—
  Uttered, uttered lovingly.

The *Athenæum* has collected much interesting gossip respecting former marriages of royal princesses of England. The first English princess, of true English descent, who was married in England was, it seems, Matilda, whose lover and bridegroom was so poor that he couldn't pay his traveling expenses to the wedding place, and a tax of three shillings was levied on every hide of land throughout the kingdom to enable him to pursue his journey. Mary, daughter of Stephen, followed next. She was an abbess; but her doughty lover, William of Alsace, came sailing across to England of a stormy night, broke into the convent, carried off the lady—whether with or without her consent we are not told—and rode off with her on a pillion in high good-humor. Joanna, daughter of King John, married Alexander of Scotland, but he too was a poor devil, and the English paid his traveling expenses to York, where the ceremony was performed, and back to Edinburgh. So his successor, the third Scottish Alexander, who not only got paid for traveling to the same York to marry the daughter of Henry III., but insisted on a regular salary from the English monarch during the whole period of his absence on the wedding trip, and greatly exasperated the English by refusing, after all their liberality, to pay the usual trifling fee for the knighthood which the King had bestowed upon him.

Droll enough some of these royal marriages must have been. When Joanna, daughter of Edward the First, was married to the Earl of Gloucester, the King bought her new dresses, but obliged her sisters to wear old ones; and, not content with this, as soon as the ceremony was over he made the bride give up her fine clothes, as "they would do very well for the next of her sisters who was married." On this occasion twenty-eight shillings were distributed in *largesse* to the people.

We read of another marriage—that of Mary, daughter of Charles the First, to William, afterward Prince of Orange—which must have been a curious sight. The bridegroom was eleven, the bride nine, the bridesmaids all very little children. Bishop Wren blessed the ceremony; the children had a good romp; the happy couple were obliged to stand up and receive so many congratulations that they could hardly be kept awake till bedtime.

"The first marriage, in England, of a Princess of the Georgian era, occurred," says the *Athenæum*, "in March, 1733, when the Prince of Orange, whom Queen Caroline called an 'animal,' and George the Second a 'baboon,' was espoused to the Princess Anne, 'in the French Chapel,' St. James's. The groom was hideously ugly, and the bride was marked by the small-pox. The ceremony took place in the evening. At midnight there was a public supper, and at two in the morning the unromantic couple sat up in bed, in rich undresses, while the Court and nobility, as a chronicler remarks, 'fresh from an exhilarating supper and strong wines, defiled before them, making pleasant remarks the while, as fair gentlemen used to make who were born in our Augustan age.' As similar observances marked the other royal marriages of such children of George II. as entered into the happy state, a simple record of the fact, to mark the tone of the times, will suffice."

It must be confessed that the times have improved since then. There is, indeed, reason to suppose that the marriage which has just taken place was prompted by as sincere affection on both sides as it was celebrated with good taste; and every kind-hearted person throughout the world will wish bride and bridegroom joy and happiness!

## WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

### BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

Hope tells a flattering tale to Mr. Rugge. He is undeceived by a Solicitor, and left to mourn; but in turn, though unconsciously, Mr. Rugge deceives the Solicitor, and the Solicitor deceives his client, which is 6s. 8d. in the Solicitor's pocket.

THE next morning Arabella Crane was scarcely dressed before Mr. Rugge knocked at her door. On the previous day the Detective had informed him that William and Sophy Waife were discovered to have sailed for America. Frantic, the unhappy manager rushed to the steam-packet office, and was favored by an inspection of the books, which confirmed the hateful tidings. As if in mockery of his bereaved and defrauded state, on returning home he found a polite note from Mr. Gotobed, requesting him to call at the office of that eminent solicitor, with reference to a young actress named Sophy Waife, and hinting "that the visit might prove to his advantage!" Dreaming for a wild moment that Mr. Losely, conscience-stricken, might through this solicitor pay back his £100, he rushed incontinent to Mr. Gotobed's office, and was at once admitted into the presence of that stately practitioner.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said Mr. Gotobed, with formal politeness, "but I heard a day or two ago accidentally from my head-clerk, who had learned it also accidentally from a sporting friend, that you were exhibiting at Humberston, during the race-week, a young actress named on the play-bills (here is one) 'Juliet Araminta,' and whom, as I am informed, you had previously exhibited in Surrey and elsewhere; but she was supposed to have relinquished that earlier engagement, and left your stage with her grandfather, William Waife. I am instructed by a distinguished client, who is wealthy, and who, from motives of mere benevolence, interests himself in the said William and Sophy Waife, to discover their residence. Please, therefore, to render up the child to my charge, apprising me also of the address of her grandfather, if he be not with you; and without waiting for further instructions from my client, who is abroad, I will venture to say that any sacrifice in the loss of your juvenile actress will be most liberally compensated."

"Sir," cried the miserable and imprudent Rugge, "I paid £100 for that fiendish child—a three years' engagement—and I have been robbed. Restore me the £100, and I will tell you where she is, and her vile grandfather also."

At hearing so bad a character lavished upon objects recommended to his client's disinterested charity, the wary solicitor drew in his pecuniary horns.

"Mr. Rugge," said he, "I understand from your words that you can not place the child Sophy, *alias* Juliet Araminta, in my hands. You ask £100 to inform me where she is. Have you a lawful claim on her?"

"Certainly, Sir; she is my property."

"Then it is quite clear that though you may know where she is, you can not get at her yourself, and can not, therefore, place her in my hands. Perhaps she is—in heaven!"

"Confound her, Sir! no—in America! or on the seas to it."

"Are you sure?"

"I have just come from the steam-packet office, and seen the names in their book. William and Sophy Waife sailed from Liverpool last Thursday week."

"And they formed an engagement with you—received your money; broke the one, absconded with the other. Bad characters indeed!"

"Bad! you may well say that—a set of swindling scoundrels, the whole kit and kin. And the ingratitude!" continued Rugge: "I was more than a father to that child" (he began to whimper): "I had a babe of my own once—died of convulsions in teething. I thought that child would have supplied its place, and I dreamed of the York Theatre; but"—here his voice was lost in the folds of a marvelously dirty red pocket-handkerchief.

Mr. Gotobed having now, however, learned all that he cared to learn, and not being a soft-hearted man (first-rate solicitors rarely are), here pulled out his watch and said,

"Sir, you have been very ill-treated, I perceive. I must wish you good-day; I have an engagement in the City. I can not help you back to your £100, but accept this trifle (a £5 note) for your loss of time in calling" (ringing the bell violently). "Door—show out this gentleman."

That evening Mr. Gotobed wrote at length to Guy Darrell, informing him that, after great pains and prolonged research, he had been so fortunate as to ascertain that the strolling play-

er and little girl whom Mr. Darrell had so benevolently requested him to look up, were very bad characters, and had left the country for the United States, as, happily for England, bad characters were wont to do.

That letter reached Guy Darrell when he was far away, amidst the forlorn pomp of some old Italian city, and Lionel's tale of the little girl not very fresh in his gloomy thoughts. Naturally, he supposed that the boy had been duped by a pretty face and his own inexperienced kindly heart. And so and so—why, so end half the efforts of men who intrust to others the troublesome execution of humane intentions! The scales of earthly justice are poised in their quivering equilibrium, not by huge hundred-weights, but by infinitesimal grains, needing the most wary caution—the most considerate patience—the most delicate touch, to arrange or readjust. Few of our errors, national or individual, come from the design to be unjust—most of them from sloth, or incapacity to grapple with the difficulties of being just. Sins of commission may not, perhaps, shock the retrospect of conscience. Large and obtrusive to view, we have confessed, mourned, repented, possibly atoned them. Sins of omission, so vailed amidst our hourly emotions—blent, confused, unseen, in the conventional routine of existence—Alas! could *these* suddenly emerge from their shadow, group together in serried mass and accusing order—alas, alas! would not the best of us then start in dismay, and would not the proudest humble himself at the Throne of Mercy!

## CHAPTER XIX.

Joy, nevertheless, does return to Mr. Rugge; and Hope now inflicts herself on Mrs. Crane. A very fine-looking Hope, too—six feet one—strong as Achilles, and as fleet of foot!

BUT we have left Mr. Rugge at Mrs. Crane's door; admit him. He bursts into her drawing-room, wiping his brows.

"Ma'am, they are off to America—!"

"So I have heard. You are fairly entitled to the return of your money—"

"Entitled, of course, but—"

"There it is; restore to me the contract for the child's services."

Rugge gazed on a roll of bank-notes, and could scarcely believe his eyes. He darted forth his hand, the notes receded like the dagger in Macbeth, "First the contract," said Mrs. Crane. Rugge drew out his greasy pocket-book, and extracted the worthless engagement.

"Henceforth, then," said Mrs. Crane, "you have no right to complain; and whether or not the girl ever again fall in your way, your claim over her ceases."

"The gods be praised, it does, ma'am; I have had quite enough of her. But you are every inch a lady, and allow me to add that I put you on my free list for life."

Rugge gone; Arabella Crane summoned Bridgett to her presence.

"Lor, miss," cried Bridgett, impulsively, "who'd think you'd been up all night raking! I have not seen you look so well this many a year."

"Ah," said Arabella Crane, "I will tell you why. I have done what for many a year I never thought I should do again—a good action. That child—that Sophy—you remember how cruelly I used her?"

"Oh, miss, don't go for to blame yourself; you fed her, you clothed her, when her own father, the villing, sent her away from hisself to you—you of all people—*you*. How could *you* be caressing and fawning on his child—their child?"

Mrs. Crane hung her head gloomily. "What is past is past. I have lived to save that child, and a curse seems lifted from my soul. Now listen: I shall leave London—England, probably this evening. You will keep this house; it will be ready for me any moment I return. The agent who collects my house-rents will give you money as you want it. Stint not yourself, Bridgett. I have been saving, and saving, and saving, for dreary years—nothing else to interest me—and I am richer than I seem."

"But where are you going, miss?" said Bridgett, slowly recovering from the stupefaction occasioned by her mistress's announcement.

"I don't know—I don't care."

"Oh, gracious stars! is it with that dreadful Jasper Losely?—it is, it is. You are crazed, you are bewitched, miss!"

"Possibly I am crazed—possibly bewitched; but I take that man's life to mine as a penance for all the evil mine has ever known; and a day or two since I should have said, with rage and shame, 'I can not help it; I loathe myself that I can care what becomes of him.' Now, without rage, without shame, I say, 'The man whom I once so loved shall not die on a gibbet if I can help it; and, please Heaven, help it I will.'"

The grim woman folded her arms on her breast, and raising her head to its full height, there was in her face and air a stern gloomy grandeur, which could not have been seen without a mixed sensation of compassion and awe.

"Go, now, Bridgett; I have said all. He will be here soon; he will come—he must come—he has no choice; and then—and then—" she closed her eyes, bowed her head, and shivered.

Arabella Crane was, as usual, right in her predictions. Before noon Jasper came—came, not with his jocund swagger, but with that sideling sinister look—look of the man whom the world cuts—triumphantly restored to its former place in his visage. Madame Caumartin had been arrested; Poole had gone into the country with Uncle Sam; Jasper had seen a police-officer at the door of his own lodgings. He slunk away from the fashionable thoroughfares—slunk to the recesses of Podden Place—slunk into Arabella Crane's prim drawing-room, and said, sullenly, "All is up; here I am!"

Three days afterward, in a quiet street in a quiet town of Belgium, wherein a sharper, striving to live by his profession, would soon become a skeleton, in a commodious airy apartment, looking upon a magnificent street, the reverse of noisy, Jasper Losely sat secure, innocuous, and profoundly miserable. In another house, the windows of which, facing those of Jasper's sitting-room, from an upper story, commanded so good a view therein that it placed him under a surveillance akin to that designed by Mr. Bentham's reformatory Panopticon, sat Arabella Crane. Whatever her real feelings toward Jasper Losely (and what those feelings were no virile pen can presume authoritatively to define—for lived there ever a man who thoroughly—thoroughly understood a woman?), or whatever in earlier life might have been their reciprocated vows of eternal love, not only from the day that Jasper, on his return to his native shores, presented himself in Podden Place, had their intimacy been restricted to the austerest bounds of friendship; but after Jasper had so rudely declined the hand which now fed him, Arabella Crane had probably perceived that her sole chance of retaining intellectual power over his lawless being, necessitated the utter relinquishment of every hope or project that could expose her again to his contempt. Suiting appearances to reality, the decorum of a separate house was essential to the maintenance of that authority with which the rigid nature of their intercourse invested her. The additional cost strained her pecuniary resources, but she saved in her own accommodation in order to leave Jasper no cause to complain of any stinting in his. There, then, she sate by her window, herself unseen, eying him in his opposite solitude, accepting for her own life a barren sacrifice, but a jealous sentinel on his. Meditating as she sate, and as she eyed him—meditating what employment she could invent, with the bribe of emoluments to be paid furtively by her—for those strong hands that could have felled an ox, but were nerveless in turning an honest penny—and for that restless mind, hungering for occupation, with the digestion of an ostrich for dice and debauch, riot and fraud, but queasy as an exhausted dyspeptic at the reception of one innocent amusement, one honorable toil. But while that woman still schemes how to rescue from hulks or halter that execrable man, who shall say that he is without a chance? A chance he has—WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

## BOOK V.—CHAPTER I.

Envy will be a science when it learns the use of the microscope.

WHEN leaves fall and flowers fade, great people are found in their country seats. Look!—that is Montfort Court! A place of regal magnificence, so far as extent of pile and amplitude of domain could satisfy the pride of ownership, or inspire the visitor with the respect due to wealth and power. An artist could have made nothing of it. The Sumptuous every where—the Picturesque nowhere. The House was built in the reign of George I., when first commenced that horror of the Beautiful, as something in bad taste, which, agreeably to our natural love of progress, progressively advanced through the reigns of succeeding Georges. An enormous *façade*—in dull brown brick—two wings and a centre, with double flights of steps to the hall door from the carriage-sweep. No trees allowed to grow too near the house; in front, a stately flat with stone balustrades. But wherever the eye turned there was nothing to be seen but park—miles upon miles of park; not a cornfield in sight—not a roof-tree—not a spire—only those *læta silentia*—still widths of turf, and, somewhat thinly scattered and afar, those groves of giant trees. The whole prospect so vast and so monotonous that it never tempted you to take a walk. No close-neighboring poetic thicket into which to plunge, uncertain whither you would emerge; no devious stream to follow. The very deer, fat and heavy, seemed bored by pastures it would take them a week to traverse. People of moderate wishes and modest fortunes never envied Montfort Court; they admired it—they were proud to say they had seen it. But never did they say,

"Oh, that for me some home like this would smile!"

Not so, very—*very* great people!—*they* rather coveted than admired. Those oak-trees so large, yet so undecayed—that park, eighteen miles, at least, in circumference—that solid palace which, without inconvenience, could entertain and stow away a king and his whole court—in short, all that evidence of a princely territory, and a weighty rent-roll, made English dukes respectfully envious, and foreign potentates gratifyingly jealous.

But turn from the front. Open the gate in that stone balustrade. Come southward to the garden side of the house. Lady Montfort's flower-garden. Yes; not so dull! flowers, even autumnal flowers, enliven any sward. Still, on so large a scale, and so little relief; so little mystery about those broad gravel walks; not a winding alley any where. Oh for a vulgar summer-house; for some alcove, all honey-suckle and ivy! But the dahlias are splendid! Very true; only dahlias, at the best, are such uninteresting prosy things. What poet ever wrote upon a dahlia! Surely Lady Montfort might have introduced a little more taste here—shown a little more fancy! Lady Montfort! I should like to see my lord's face, if Lady Montfort took any such liberty. But there is Lady Montfort walking slowly along that broad, broad, broad gravel walk—those splendid dahlias, on either side, in their set parterres. There she walks, in full evidence from all those sixty remorseless windows on the garden front, each window exactly like the other. There she walks, looking wistfully to the far end—('tis a long way off)—where, happily, there is a wicket that carries a persevering pedestrian out of sight of the sixty windows, into shady walks, toward the banks of that immense piece of water, two miles from the house. My lord has not returned from his moor in Scotland—My lady is alone. No company in the house—it is like saying, "No acquaintance in a city." But the retinue is full. Though she dined alone, she might, had she pleased, have had almost as many servants to gaze upon her as there were windows now staring at her lonely walk, with their glassy spectral eyes.

Just as Lady Montfort gains the wicket she is overtaken by a visitor, walking fast from the gravel sweep by the front door, where he has dismounted—where he has caught sight of her; any one so dismounting might have caught sight of her—could not help it. Gardens so fine, were made on purpose for fine persons walking in them to be seen.

"Ah, Lady Montfort," said the visitor, stammering painfully, "I am so glad to find you at home."

"At home, George!" said the lady, extending her hand; "where else is it likely that I should be found? But how pale you are. What has happened?"

She seated herself on a bench, under a cedar-tree, just without the wicket, and George Morley, our old friend the Oxonian, seated himself by her side familiarly, but with a certain reverence. Lady Montfort was a few years older than himself—his cousin—he had known her from his childhood.

"What has happened!" he repeated, "nothing new. I have just come from visiting the good bishop."

"He does not hesitate to ordain you?"

"No—but I shall never ask him to do so."

"My dear cousin, are you not overscrupulous? You would be an ornament to the Church, sufficient in all else to justify your compulsory omission of one duty, which a curate could perform for you."

Morley shook his head sadly. "One duty omitted!" said he. "But is it not that duty which distinguishes the priest from the layman? and how far extends that duty? Wherever there needs a voice to speak the Word; not in the pulpit only, but at the hearth, by the sick bed; *there* should be the Pastor! No—I can not, I ought not, I dare not! Incompetent as the laborer, how can I be worthy of the hire?" It took him long to bring out these words; his emotion increased his infirmity. Lady Montfort listened with an exquisite respect, visible in her compassion, and paused long before she answered.

George Morley was the younger son of a country gentleman, with a good estate settled upon the elder son. George's father had been an intimate friend of his kinsman, the Marquis of Montfort (predecessor and grandsire of the present lord); and the Marquis had, as he thought, amply provided for George in undertaking to secure to him, when of fitting age, the living of Humberston, the most lucrative preferment in his gift. The living had been held for the last fifteen years by an incumbent, now very old, upon the honorable understanding that it was to be resigned in favor of George should George take orders. The young man from his earliest childhood thus destined to the Church, devoted to the prospect of that profession all his studies, all his thoughts. Not till he was sixteen did his infirmity of speech make itself seriously perceptible; and then elocution masters undertook to cure it—they failed. But George's mind continued in the direction toward which it had been so systematically biased. Entering Oxford, he became absorbed in its academical shades. Amidst his books he almost forgot the impediment of his speech. Shy, taciturn, and solitary, he mixed too little with others to have it much brought before his own notice. He carried off prizes—he took high honors. On leaving the university, a profound theologian—an enthusiastic Churchman—filled with the most earnest sense of the pastor's solemn calling—he was thus complimentarily accosted by the Archimandrite of his college, "What a pity you can not go into the Church!"

"Can not—but I *am* going into the Church."

"You, is it possible? But, perhaps, you are sure of a living—"

"Yes—Humberston."

"An immense living, but a very large population. Certainly it is in the bishop's own discretionary power to ordain you, and for all the duties you can keep a curate. But—" The Don stopped short, and took snuff.

That "But" said as plainly as words could say, "It may be a good thing for you, but is it fair for the Church?"

So George Morley, at least, thought that "But" implied. His conscience took alarm. He was a thoroughly noble-hearted man, likely to be the more tender of conscience where tempted by worldly interests. With that living he was rich, without it very poor. But to give up a calling, to the idea of which he had attached himself with all the force of a powerful and zealous nature, was to give up the whole scheme and dream of his existence. He remained irresolute for some time; at last he wrote to the present Lord Montfort, intimating his doubts, and relieving the Marquis from the engagement which his lordship's predecessor had made. The present Marquis was not a man capable of understanding such scruples. But, luckily perhaps for George and for the Church, the larger affairs of the great House of Montfort were not administered by the Marquis. The parliamentary influences, the ecclesiastical preferments, together with the practical direction of minor agents to the vast and complicated estates attached to the title, were at that time under the direction of Mr. Carr Vipont, a powerful member of Parliament, and husband to that Lady Selina whose condescension had so disturbed the nerves of Frank Vance the artist. Mr. Carr Vipont governed this vice-royalty according to the rules and traditions by which the House of Montfort had become great and prosperous. For not only every state, but every great seigniorial House has its hereditary maxims of policy: not less the House of Montfort than the House of Hapsburg. Now the House of Montfort made it a rule that all admitted to be members of the family should help each other; that the head of the House should never, if it could be avoided, suffer any of its branches to decay and wither into poverty. The House of Montfort also held it a duty to foster and make the most of every species of talent that could swell the influence, or adorn the annals of the family. Having rank, having wealth, it sought also to secure intellect, and to knit together into solid union, throughout all ramifications of kinship and cousinhood, each variety of repute and power that could root the ancient tree more firmly in the land. Agreeably to this traditional policy, Mr. Carr Vipont not only desired that a Vipont Morley should not lose a very good thing, but that a very good thing should not lose a Vipont Morley of high academical distinction—a Vipont Morley who might be a bishop! He therefore drew up an admirable letter, which the Marquis signed—that the Marquis should take the trouble of copying it was out of the question—wherein Lord Montfort was made to express great admiration of the disinterested delicacy of sentiment, which proved George Vipont Morley to be still more fitted to the cure of souls; and, placing rooms at Montfort Court at his service (the Marquis not being himself there at the moment), suggested that George should talk the matter over with the present incumbent of Humberston (that town was not many miles distant from Montfort Court), who, though he had no impediment in his speech, still never himself preached or read prayers, owing to an affection of the trachea, and who was, nevertheless, a most efficient clergyman. George Morley, therefore, had gone down to Montfort Court some months ago, just after his interview with Mrs. Crane. He had then accepted an invitation to spend a week or two with the Rev. Mr. Allsop, the Rector of Humberston—a clergyman of the old school, a fair scholar, a perfect gentleman, a man of the highest honor, good-natured, charitable, but who took pastoral duties much more easily than good clergymen of the new school—be they high or low—are disposed to do. Mr. Allsop, who was then in his eightieth year, a bachelor with a very good fortune of his own, was perfectly willing to fulfill the engagement on which he held his living, and render it up to George; but he was touched by the earnestness with which George assured him that at all events he would not consent to displace the venerable incumbent from a tenure he had so long and honorably held—and would wait till the living was vacated in the ordinary course of nature. Mr. Allsop conceived a warm affection for the young scholar. He had a grandniece staying with him on a visit, who less openly, but not less warmly, shared that affection; and with her George Morley fell shyly and timorously in love. With that living he would be rich enough to marry—without it, no. Without it he had nothing but a fellowship, which matrimony would forfeit, and the scanty portion of a country squire's younger son. The young lady herself was dowerless, for Allsop's fortune was so settled that no share of it would come to his grandniece. Another reason for conscience to gulp down that unhappy impediment of speech! Certainly, during this visit, Morley's scruples relaxed; but when he returned home they came back with greater force than ever—with greater force, because he felt that now not only a spiritual ambition, but a human love was a casuist in favor of self-interest. He had returned on a visit to Humberston Rectory about a week previous to the date of this chapter—the niece was not there. Sternly he had forced himself to examine a little more closely into the condition of the flock which (if he accepted the charge) he would have to guide, and the duties that devolved upon the chief pastor in a populous trading town. He became appalled. Humberston, like most towns under the political influence of a Great House, was rent by parties. One party, who succeeded in returning one of the two members for Parliament, all for the House of Montfort; the other party, who returned also their member, all against it. By one half the town, whatever came from Montfort Court was sure to be regarded with a most malignant and distorted vision. Meanwhile, though Mr. Allsop was popular with the higher classes, and with such of the extreme poor as his charity relieved, his pastoral influence generally was a dead letter. His curate, who preached for him—a good young man enough, but extremely dull—was not one of those men who fill a church. Tradesmen wanted an excuse to stay away or choose another place of worship; and they contrived to hear some passage in the sermons, over which, while the curate mumbled, they fancied they slept—that they declared to be "Puseyite." The church became deserted: and about the same time a very eloquent Dissenting minister appeared at Humberston, and even professed churchfolks went to hear him. George Morley, alas! perceived that at Humberston, if the Church there were to hold her own, a powerful and popular preacher was essentially required. His mind was now made up. At Carr Vipont's suggestion, the bishop of the diocese, being then at his palace, had sent to see him; and, while granting the force of his scruples, had yet said, "Mine is the main responsibility. But if you ask me to ordain you, I will do so without hesitation; for if the Church wants preachers, it

also wants deep scholars and virtuous pastors." Fresh from this interview, George Morley came to announce to Lady Montfort that his resolve was unshaken. She, I have said, paused long before she answered. "George," she began at last, in a voice so touchingly sweet that its very sound was balm to a wounded spirit—"I must not argue with you—I bow before the grandeur of your motives, and I will not say that you are not right. One thing I do feel, that if you thus sacrifice your inclinations and interests from scruples so pure and holy, you will never be to be pitied—you will never know regret. Poor or rich, single or wedded, a soul that so seeks to reflect heaven will be serene and blessed!" Thus she continued to address him for some time, he all the while inexpressibly soothed and comforted; then gradually she insinuated hopes even of a worldly and temporal kind—literature was left to him—the scholar's pen, if not the preacher's voice. In literature he might make a career that would lead on to fortune. There were places also in the public service to which a defect in speech was no obstacle. She knew his secret, modest attachment; she alluded to it just enough to encourage constancy and rebuke despair. As she ceased, his admiring and grateful consciousness of his cousin's rare qualities changed the tide of his emotions toward her from himself, and he exclaimed with an earnestness that almost wholly subdued his stutter,

"What a counselor you are!—what a soother! If Montfort were but less prosperous or more ambitious, what a treasure, either to console or to sustain, in a mind like yours!"

As those words were said, you might have seen at once why Lady Montfort was called haughty and reserved. Her lip seemed suddenly to snatch back its sweet smile—her dark eye, before so purely, softly friend-like, became coldly distant—the tones of her voice were not the same as she answered—

"Lord Montfort values me, as it is, far beyond my merits—far," she added, with a different intonation, gravely mournful.

"Forgive me; I have displeased you. I did not mean it. Heaven forbid that I should presume either to disparage Lord Montfort—or—or to—" he stopped short, saving the hiatus by a convenient stammer. "Only," he continued, after a pause, "only forgive me this once. Recollect I was a little boy when you were a young lady, and I have pelted you with snow-balls, and called you 'Caroline.'" Lady Montfort suppressed a sigh, and gave the young scholar back her gracious smile, but not a smile that would have permitted him to call her "Caroline" again. She remained, indeed, a little more distant than usual during the rest of their interview; which was not much prolonged; for Morley felt annoyed with himself that he had so indiscreetly offended her, and seized an excuse to escape. "By-the-by," said he, "I have a letter from Mr. Carr Vipont, asking me to give him a sketch for a Gothic bridge to the water yonder. I will, with your leave, walk down and look at the proposed site. Only do say that you forgive me."

"Forgive you, Cousin George, oh yes. One word only—it is true you were a child still when I fancied I was a woman, and you have a right to talk to me upon all things, except those that relate to me and Lord Montfort; unless, indeed," she added, with a bewitching half laugh, "unless you ever see cause to scold me, there. Good-by, my cousin, and in turn forgive me, if I was so petulant. The Caroline you pelted with snow-balls was always a wayward, impulsive creature, quick to take offense, to misunderstand, and—to repent."

Back into the broad, broad gravel-walk, walked, more slowly than before, Lady Montfort. Again the sixty ghastly windows stared at her with all their eyes—back from the gravel-walk, through a side-door, into the pompous solitude of the stately house—across long chambers, where the mirrors reflected her form, and the huge chairs, in their flaunting damask and flaring gold, stood stiff on desolate floors—into her own private room—neither large nor splendid that; plain chintzes, quiet book-shelves. She need not have been the Marchioness of Montfort to inhabit a room as pleasant and as luxurious. And the rooms that she could only have owned as Marchioness, what were those worth to her happiness? I know not. "Nothing," fine ladies will perhaps answer. Yet those same fine ladies will contrive to dispose their daughters to answer, "All." In her own room Lady Montfort sunk on her chair; wearily;—wearily she looked at the clock—wearily at the books on the shelves—at the harp near the window. Then she leaned her face on her hand, and that face was so sad, and so humbly sad, that you would have wondered how any one could call Lady Montfort proud.

"Treasure! I—I!—worthless, fickle, credulous fool!—I—I!"

The groom of the chambers entered with the letters by the afternoon post. That Great House contrived to worry itself with two posts a day. A royal command to Windsor—

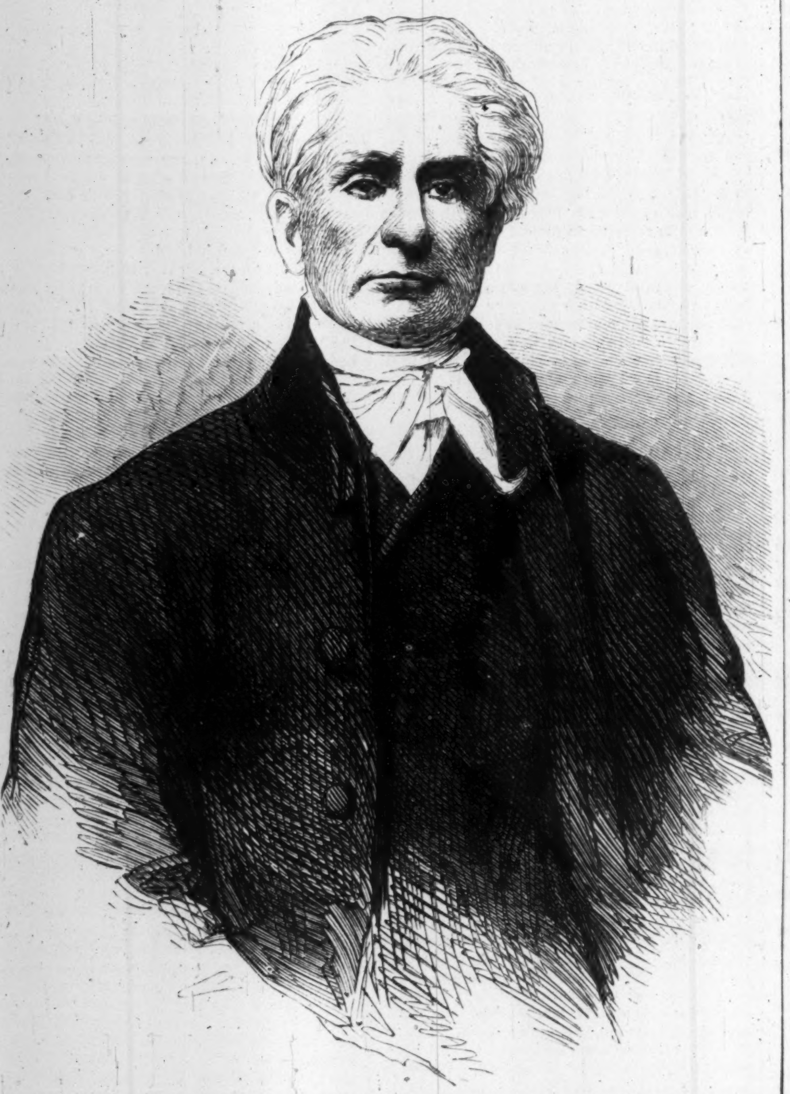
"I shall be more alone in a court than here," murmured Lady Montfort.

## BISHOP WAUGH.

A good man has fallen at his post. Rev. Beverly Waugh, D.D., Senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died in Baltimore, on the morning of the 9th inst., in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

Bishop Waugh was born in Fairfax County, Virginia, in 1789. He connected himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1805, when only in his sixteenth year; early felt a call to preach the Gospel; and with much diffidence, and after earnest struggles of mind—as is evident from the entries in a diary kept by him at that period—decided upon preparing himself for the ministry. In 1808 he was regularly admitted into the connection, in the Baltimore Conference. He served the Church acceptably and profitably, on station and circuit, within the limits of that conference, until the year 1827, when he was chosen to superintend the Book agency in New York, in connection with the late Bishop Emory. This post he held until the year 1836; meanwhile, by his faithfulness and business tact, doing very much to develop the resources of the Book Concern and increase its efficiency. In 1836 he was chosen and ordained Bishop by the General Conference which met at Cincinnati; and the varied and responsible duties of this office he fulfilled with zeal and discretion for more than twenty years, until his death.

After his ordination Bishop Waugh's residence was Baltimore. But the bishops of the Methodist Church are of necessity but little at home. Their never-ceasing round of duty calls them to all parts of the land, and not the least of the privations suffered by those invested with the arduous offices of the Episcopate is the prolonged, almost continuous, absence from home and its tranquil enjoyments. In the first year of his Episcopacy Bishop Waugh visited Texas, where he organized the first Methodist Episcopal Conference in that



THE LATE REV. BEVERLY WAUGH, D.D., SENIOR BISHOP OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

[From a Photograph by Brady.]

State. Since Bishop Hedding's death, in 1852, Dr. Waugh has been the Senior Bishop of the Church.

The last illness of the Bishop was probably brought on by his labors at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, whither a revival in the Church had led him to preach, pray, and counsel. There his last sermon was preached. Gray-haired, with trembling limbs and feeble utterance, the aged man yet adhered to his post until stricken down by the illness of which he died. Returning home, he had so far recovered that his friends thought him out of danger. On the morning before his death he led the family devotions. Retiring early, he was heard to pray long and earnestly for the Church and for his family. He evidently knew his end was near; but sank quietly to sleep. About one o'clock he uttered sounds of distress. Mrs. Waugh attempted to turn him, in bed, to ease his pain, on which he said "Never mind, my dear." These were his last words. Before the physician arrived he had expired.

The body was attended to the grave by a numerous concourse of Christians of all denominations. The grave is near where lie his eminent companions in office, Bishops Asbury, George, and Emory.

In manners and presence Bishop Waugh was a pattern of the Virginian gentleman of the old school, uniting affability with dignity. He was not eminent as a preacher; but had the clear head, good administrative talents, and calm practical common sense, so necessary to complete success in the difficult office of the Episcopate. Above all, he was a man of genuine everyday piety, zealous in his ministry, prayerful always. After serving the Church with all his powers for forty-eight years, he has gone peacefully to his reward.

## THE PET OF THE LAW.

Ever since I can remember, up to the period when I reached fifty years of age, I was a thief; not an amateur occasional thief, not one of those impulsive fallen respectabilities who do some piece of inartistic crime, and then are sorry for it; but a regular professional trained thief, who was, and is still, proud of his profession.

I am married, and have four children, three boys and a girl—all thieves, and all, I am happy to say, at this present time doing well. The girl, aged nineteen, has a decided talent for shoplifting, and I have had proposals for her hand from a celebrated housebreaker (I must not mention names), which I shall certainly accept, as it will be a very good match. I have also apprenticed my youngest boy, aged twelve, to this artist, to learn his branch of the trade, and I hear very satisfactory accounts of the lad's progress. My next boy, aged fifteen, who has taken quite naturally to the pickpocket and church business, has just returned, after a twelve-months' imprisonment, as plump as a butcher, and looking as if he had been at the sea-side for a long season. My eldest son, aged twenty-two, is out on a ticket-of-leave; and we often talk together about the way in which he interested the chaplain in his welfare. He said he thought he could be of immense service in trying to convert his family from the evil course they had adopted, and the chaplain and the governor of the prison—a governor of the new school—thought he could. To do the young man justice, he mentioned the subject once or twice when he came home; but I think he broke down when he pretended to prove to his sister, in the presence of the chaplain, that needle-work was, in the long run, more profitable than shoplifting. What effect his arguments might have had if he could have devoted more time to enforcing them, I can not tell; but he is out a great deal, especially at night, and is doing very well, to judge by the money that I have seen him with lately. The rumor that he was the man who gave the gentleman that ugly blow the other night in the fog, I treat with the contempt that it merits. A man is innocent until proved guilty before a jury of his countrymen. My wife is not altogether undistinguished in the profession (you may remember the great plate robbery at Lord Mumblepeg's, in which she was concerned), but I will not dwell upon that. I did not marry her for her virtues, nor her talents, but to secure her from coming against me as evidence at any time.

Our business—the business of thieving—does not differ from any other business in which the profits are high and the risks proportionately great. We go into it, knowing exactly what forces are arrayed against us. Some men prefer the army, some, gold-mining; some, the excitement of the Stock Exchange; some, the delirium of the turf. I, and a very numerous body of fellow-professionals, prefer thieving.

Many persons suppose that we detest the police, and look upon them as our bitterest enemies. On some occasions, I admit, we find them troublesome; but, generally, we consider them as wholesome checks upon the increase of unskillful thieves, who diminish the profits without adding to the credit of the profession. The ordinary police force is not a very highly paid, highly educated, or highly intelligent class; and any man who knows his business can easily avoid coming in contact with them. As to the detectives, those awful men in plain clothes and curious disguises (which latter they might save themselves the trouble of putting on, as we know the wearers as well as our own fathers), they benefit us by inspiring an unbounded faith in their efficiency in the public mind, and stopping the appointment of real preventive officers. The sum they require as a reward, if successful in tracing a crime, is another element of our security; as is also their plan of fostering the development of small thieves until they become important criminals. They carefully tend the criminal fruit until it is rotten with ripeness, and then—if it does not escape them—they shake it gently into the lap of justice; but they never nip it in the bud. Why should we be on unfriendly terms with such weak and agreeable guardians?

When I come to consider the rules of evidence, the comforts of prisons, and the general leniency of the criminal law and its administration (and I have devoted a good deal of attention to these subjects during my retirement), I can not believe that any one is in earnest for the suppression of our class, but that we are considered worthy of preservation as providers of wholesome excitement, employers of capital in a peculiar direction, agents for the distribution of wealth, bodies to be experimented upon by the social philanthropist, problems to exercise the ingenuity of, and provide amusement for the legal mind, and members in that company which is conveniently styled "necessary evils." When I was engaged in the active duties of my profession I was tried, for the first and only time in my life, in conjunction with the whole of my family—my wife and four children—for a robbery of some magnitude. We were guilty, of course, but we had managed matters very artistically. My boys were not so old or so experienced as they are now, and when the magistrate cautioned us, at the preliminary examination, that we were not bound to say any thing to criminate ourselves, the two youngest could scarcely believe what they heard, and thought, in their simplicity, that we had all made an impression upon his worship. I remember having the same feeling myself when I heard the same remark addressed to my father, on the occasion of his trial, many years before. The youngest lad was so overcome by this, to him, unexpected exhibition of legal tenderness, that if it had not been for an additional caution from the worthy magistrate, and a sharp nudge from his mother, he would have there and then made a clean breast of the whole affair. That boy, like myself, and, I may say, all the family, is now a firm believer in the fact that the law does not want to discover the truth, but only desires to give an opportunity for a display of legal learning and ingenuity.

When we came up for our trial at the Oyer and Terminer, we were again put upon our guard, and very amusing the trial must have appeared to the spectators, for it amused even me. There we stood in the dock, a very happy family—a father, mother, daughter, and three sons—all implicated in one crime, and all warned to hold our tongues, lest we should spoil the sport of the trial. The counsel for the prosecution opened the case with a highly ingenious speech, full of eloquent denunciation but very empty of facts; and when he had finished, he proceeded to call witnesses in support of his charge. Several persons were examined without adding much to the previous knowledge of the case, for we had taken most elaborate precautions to shield ourselves from being proved guilty, although we could not avoid suspicion.

Once or twice, when some of the most absurd suppositions were put forward in place of better evidence, I thought we should all have burst out laughing in concert, they were so very wide of the mark. One witness at last succeeded in proving to the apparent satisfaction of the court that, on a certain night, I was at a place which I never saw in my life; but as this supposed fact had nothing to do with the case, it was not of much benefit to the prosecution. Maddened by his ill-success, the prosecuting counsel wished, in defiance of law, to put a question to my daughter, but our solicitor at once objected to this, and the judge spoke up against it like a man, amidst a murmur of approbation that ran through the whole court. If they had put the question, I am afraid we should not have got off as we did, for my daughter is rather nervous, and could not have stood a cross-examination. But we were spared the trial, and the liberty of the citizen was preserved.

The case lasted a long time, and during its progress some very pretty circumstantial evidence was adduced, which all fell to the ground, bit by bit, under the vigorous blows of our solicitor. When the speech for the defense came, it was necessarily short, for there was really nothing of any moment to answer.

The summing-up of the judge was pleasant and dignified, with, of course, a little dash of the severity required by the duties of his position. But I can not think that he was dissatisfied with his day's work; and the jury, who had been highly amused by the legal fencing displayed, and who—bless their hearts!—could not have put a question about the case to our happy family for the world, were glad to hurry over an acquittal and get to their dinners.

I can not believe that a public hangman dislikes murderers, or that a judge dislikes wretched suitors; or, seeing the leniency of the laws, the mode of criminal procedure, and the vast amount of employment that we thieves give to capital, I can not believe that judges, juries, public officers, police, jailers, governors of prisons, jail-chaplains, and legal practitioners, are at all in earnest and interested in our extermination. So a long life and a merry one to all those honest gentlemen, and similarly to us!

## TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

No. XXVIII.

*(From our own Correspondent.)*

A Kentuckian in the Mediterranean.—Bringing Pompeiopolis to New York.—The Altar of Bacchus in a New York Club-House.—Tarsus.—The Cadi's Court.

MY last letter left us standing on the shore at Mersina, escaped from the wreck of the ship which had brought us and our fortunes from the coasts of Syria.

A more miserable and uncomfortable place could hardly be found, from the Northern Ocean to Timbuctoo, than that same little town of Mersina on the coast of the Mediterranean. It has been founded for the sake of a port to the modern town of Tarsus. I have already said there is no harbor. On a long sandy sweep of the shore stand a few modern-looking frame houses, which are inhabited by the usual mixture of all Eastern nations found in Mediterranean sea-ports. As we walked up from the scene of our disaster into the village we were accosted in every language that the East knows. Now an Arab shouted his *Sebul keer*, and now a more civilized Syrian growled a *Marhabba*. An Italian, Spaniard, German, and French crowd talked all at once in their several dialects, and in the confusion of tongues it was not a little astonishing, as well as gratifying, to hear a hearty welcome in "American-English."

"Well, stranger, it came mighty near being a goner, didn't it?"

"Kentucky, by Jupiter!" said John Steenburger, looking around him in the gloom, and scanning the faces of the crowd to see what pair of lips had uttered the familiar sounds. We were not long in suspense. From behind, the man, a tall sixfooter of the pure Ohio River breed, elbowed his way through the motley crowd, and stretched out his brawny hand for a grasp that we were not slow to take; and chatting as familiarly as if we had just dropped together by accident in a street of New York or Cincinnati, we strolled on up to the little stone pier, where Sir John was standing guard over his baggage, while Miss Kate sat on a carpet-bag listening to the heavy dash of the surf, and, as I verily believe, wondering whether one of us two were before that time overwhelmed in its dark abysses. The other of the two I don't believe she had thought of, for on our approach she sprang to her feet with an exclamation of delight, and her mood became on a sudden as furiously gay as it had seemed to be anxious and sad.

In half an hour we had found lodgings for the night in the upper part of a sort of half-shop and half-inn, answering in appearance to a rum-hole on the line of a canal in America. Two rooms, swept thoroughly, and with the windows wide open, served in some sort as a protection from the night air; and here we had a tolerable supper in a few minutes, and a cup of irresistible coffee which smoothed down the last ruffle of our tempers.

In the evening I went down into the room below, and, on my honor, I could imagine myself in an old-fashioned store at the cross-roads in the country, where the men and boys gather in the evening, and swing their heels from the counter, and talk and tell stories, and exchange the gossip of the day.

My Kentucky acquaintance was on hand, and I may as well tell you at once what he is here for. He has come to see if it will pay to carry Pompeiopolis to America.

That is it precisely.

Pompeiopolis, once known as Soli, was in its day a glorious city, and is glorious in its ruin. All along the shore, a few miles west of Mersina, stand or lie its magnificent ruins. We rode out with him the next day to look at them. It was a terrible ride through brush and thicket. All the glory that I have so often seen in ruin was here. The city which Antony and Cleopatra visited with their splendor is now a howling waste. About forty columns remain standing of some two hundred that once formed a splendid arcade; and of the other great buildings of the city, a theatre and a temple, both in ruin, and both overgrown with dense wild thickets of brush, remain in the most mournful grandeur to attest the ancient magnificence of the city.

EASTERN THRESHING.

I have not time or space to linger on a description of the ruins of this city. You will readily remember the fame of Soli, which was once the chief city of Cilicia, and which Pompey rebuilt and named after himself. Well, Sir, there is here a Kentucky gentleman who thinks it feasible to put all the old marble of Pompeiopolis on ship-board, and take it to America and make it pay! Think of that! Imagine the slabs of the Parthenon sawed in a New York marble-yard! Imagine the altar of Bacchus cut into adornments for a New York club-house, and the threshold of the Holy of Holies of the Temple of Aphrodite made the mantle of a house of ill-fame! To what base uses may we come!

Latterly a great business has been commenced in the East, and Athens is yielding to its temptation. Ship-loads of Pentelican marble have already been sent to America, and my enterprising friend was looking at these ruins with the idea that the very columns and stones that once did duty for Pompey and his noble friends are none too good for New York houses, and withal are in very close proximity to the sea and easily shipped!

But these ruins have a nobler and a grander interest to me. I have no doubt that this now desolate shore once rang to the voice of the great Apostle. Here was the old sea-port of Tarsus. Hence came the ships of Tarshish. The River Cydnus was once navigable for small vessels nearly up to the city of Tarsus, but Soli, doubtless, was the great sea-port of the capital of Cilicia. Here Saul the young man often wandered before he had heard of Him of Nazareth. Here, in later years, I can not doubt, he preached the new gospel he had learned.

Feeling thus at Soli, you may, if you can, imagine how I felt the next day when we reached Tarsus. Space and time forbid that I delay you to hear the incidents of our journey up. It was but four hours in the saddle, and then we saw the old city. It is as ruinous almost as Soli. It is a miserable modern Arab town. So they all are. I tell you the same story of every one I visit.

Yet I confess I had expected something more of Tarsus, for the Turks speak of it now with some admiration. But alas for the old town, it has no present wealth, no ruins of ancient greatness, and no hope for the future! Yet here Saul was a tent-maker, and here in after years he was a prince, with power to call dead men from the grave. That was a mighty change!

The city has perhaps thirty thousand inhabitants. The River Cydnus is no longer navigable. But it flows as coldly as when Alexander nearly perished in its icy flood, and the old hills of Taurus look down in solemn majesty as of old on river and plain, on city and ruin.

Does Taurus remember that gorgeous barge in which Cleopatra came up the Cydnus in old days—that barge whose fame has been handed down from age to age? The scene was before me as I stood at the fall of the river, where it dashes over the rocks below the city with the same murmur and hoarse roar that it has continued, incessant, since the days of the Egyptian Queen.

I am aware that I am writing you a very rambling letter. I can not well do otherwise. In following as we now do the track of the Apostles, every step is of deep interest to us, every foot of ground has its sublime associations, but volumes will not suffice to convey them to you.

It is to me a striking thought just here, that Paul was born and brought up in a highland country, a land of lofty mountains and dashing torrents. Who can doubt that much of his boldness and courage, much of the grandeur of his character and the force of his intellect, was derived from the snowy majesty of Taurus, whose glittering summits stand now above Tarsus, a memorial and a monument alike of his own great power and the sublimity of that faith on which he rested.

Our lodgings in Tarsus were of rather better quality than we have been accustomed to find. A worthy Armenian merchant, hearing of our arrival, insisted on placing his house at our disposal. It stands outside the city, among groves of fruit trees, and we found it a delightful place. In the forenoon we amused ourselves with examining the primitive methods of farming going on around us, and listening to the quaint songs of the cattle-driver who is managing the curious threshing-machine of the East. In the afternoon, when the sun was well toward the west, we went into the city and strolled about its streets, talking with the shop-keepers and studying human nature in the people of Asia Minor.

Human nature is pretty much the same thing all over the world. An Armenian silk-vender cheated Miss Grandison as thoroughly and neatly as the thing could have been done in New York or London. He sold her a damaged article for a full price, and when it was brought back to him he avowed that he had told her it was damaged. The opportunity for an appeal to the Cadi was too good to be lost, and we took the shop-keeper thither. Miss Kate knew nothing of our intention, or she would have prevented it, and I confess to a strong disinclination myself to call for the assistance of Government any where in the East in such cases, for punishment follows detection with a suddenness and a severity not at all satisfactory to American sensitiveness.

But it is well to be informed of the course of practice in legal matters all the world over, and once in a while John and myself have taken the risk of seeing a man bastinadoed for the sake of gaining useful information.

The officers brought him into the presence of the Cadi as if he were a murderer carried to execution. There was a general howling, kicking, and struggling, prisoner and captors vociferating and fighting even to the very foot of the throne of justice.

When silence was procured, John Steenburger stated the case, for he was with the lady when the purchase was made. The silk was produced, and the shop-keeper denied every thing, and insisted on proof in the most approved Western style of legal proceeding. But the law of the Turk admits no quibbles. The Cadi looked at the offender, and the

RUINS OF SOLI ON POMPEIOPOLIS (NEAR TARSUS).

decree was in his eye. The Armenian began to howl before a word was spoken, and dashing down the price of the silk, which he had brought wrapped up in paper, in case of an emergency, he seized the silk, which was lying on the floor in the centre of the circle, and made an attempt to leave the presence.

But no; there were court-fees to be paid; and first of all the silk was confiscated to the chief scribe, and the louder the unlucky Armenian protested the heavier grew the bill of costs; and we hurried away lest the practise should result in an order for both parties to pay double costs.

Our stay in Tarsus was of four days' duration. Then we rode down to Mersina again, and took the French steamer which came along from the south and was bound to Constantinople, touching at Smyrna, whither we desired to go.

## Miscellany.

### A PROFITABLE USE OF TIME.

MAKE the most of time. Some have little leisure, but there are sundry expedients, any one of which, if fairly tried, would make that little leisure longer. Most of the men who have died enormously rich acquired their wealth not in huge windfalls, but by minute and careful accumulations. It was not one vast sum bequeathed to them after another which overwhelmed them with inevitable opulence; but it was the loose money which most men would lavish away, the little sums which many would not deem worth looking after, the pennies of which you would keep no reckoning—these are the items which, year by year piled up, have reared their pyramid of fortune. From these money-makers let us learn the nobler "avarice of time." One of the longest and most elaborate poems of recent times was composed in the streets by a physician in busy practice, during the brief snatches of time when passing from one patient's door to another. And in order to achieve some good work which you have much at heart, you may not be able to secure an entire week, or even an uninterrupted day. But try what you can make of the broken fragments of time. Glean up its golden dust—those raspings and parings of precious duration, those leavings of days and remnants of hours which so many sweep out into the waste of existence. And thus, if you be a miser of moments, if you be frugal and hoard up odd minutes and half-hours and unexpected holidays, your careful gleanings may eke out a long and useful life, and you may die at last richer in existence than multitudes whose time is all their own. The time which some men waste in superfluous slumber and idle visits and desultory application, were it all redeemed, would give them wealth of leisure, and enable them to execute undertakings for which they deem a less worried life than theirs essential. When a person says, "I have no time to improve my mind or do a kind turn to a neighbor," he may be saying what he thinks, but he should not think what he says; for if he has not got the time already, he may get it by *redeeming* it.

### THE FISH-WIVES OF PARIS.

WHEN Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were led to the place of execution, though at different periods, the Parisian fish-women observed no bounds to their exultation at their unhappy fate. In their savage joy they danced before the cart which led the royal captives along the street, made mockery of their sufferings, and some held up their clenched fists, exclaiming, that, if there were another world, they would hunt them out even *there*, and be revenged upon them.

When old General Custine appeared before the revolutionary tribunal, he was accompanied by his daughter-in-law, Madame de Custine. She was descending alone the steps of the notable prison of La Force, when a silent crowd, with the most infuriated gestures, gradually closed around her. An exclamation, or the slightest token of fear, would have been instantly fatal to her. She is said to have bitten her lips until the blood came, in order to prevent herself from becoming pale. On her path was a hideous-looking Parisian fish-woman, with an infant in her arms. Madame de Custine paused for a few seconds, and expressed her admiration of it. This touched her heart; she seemed to understand perfectly the critical position of madame. "Take it," said the fish-woman, presenting the child; "you will give it back to me below." Madame de Custine obeyed; and, protected by that shield, she descended the steps in perfect safety. When she had reached the street she returned the child to its mother, without daring to murmur thanks, which would certainly have proved dangerous to both.

### HOPE AND CHARITY.

ALL men to speak and to dream are prone,
Of better days before them;
We see them striving and hast'ning on
To the happier goal that's o'er them.
The world's renewed as its strength decays,
But man hopes ever for better days.

Hope leads man into this earth below,
Round the boy doth it brightly hover,
It lights up his youth with its magic glow,
Nor quits him when life is over:
When, aged and weary, his course must cease,
With "hope" on his tombstone, he slumbers in peace.

It is not a fiction empty and vain,
From a fool's dull brain descended;
A voice in our heart cries, once and again,
For better things we're intended:
And the whispering voice can hopes impart
That ne'er shall deceive the trusting heart.

### TAKING IN A VIRGINIAN.

A CURIOUS book might be made out of the blunders of travelers on the Continent and the impositions under which they suffer. A fine young fellow whom I met in Florence, a Virginian, told me of a rascally yet laughter-provoking trick which was put upon him by one of those guileful coachmen who haunt the paving-stones in front of Doney's. Having breakfasted in the café with a fellow-traveler, he wanted to visit his bankers, Messrs. Maquay and Pakenham. The two called a coachman, and asked him if he knew of the whereabouts of the said firm. The cunning rogue professed ignorance, and sent a boy to the Hôtel du Nord, near by, under pretense of inquiring if there were any such people in the city. The boy came back with the direction, as he said, and Jehu, after some haggling, agreed to carry them for five pauls, or fifty cents. They got in, paid the inevitable beggar for shutting the door, and leaned back luxuriously in anticipation of an agreeable drive. Coachy turned his horses, drove across the street, and pulled up. There was the door, and there was the sign, MAQUAY AND PAKENHAM, BANKERS. They were indignant, of course, with the scamp, called him all the bad names they knew in the language, and refused to settle. He quietly admitted that the distance was not great, and said, with becoming moderation, that, "as they were foreigners, he would let them off for three pauls." The joke was worth that, and they handed him the money.—*De Forest's "European Acquaintance."*

### MISSIONARY DIFFICULTIES IN INDIA.

A RECENT French traveler asked the Bishop of Agra what progress missionaries were making in disseminating Christianity among the Hindoos.

"Progress?" said the bishop, shaking his head; "what influence can we hope to exercise over the minds of such a people? As soon as we speak to a Hindoo of the miracles of Jehovah or of Christ, he immediately opposes to them the far more surprising miracles of Krishna, who raised a mountain on his little finger to serve as an umbrella to protect his shepherdess from a storm. He does not doubt the reality of our stories; he is only surprised at one thing—the simplicity of our dogmas and miracles. In such a matter, nothing appears to him too extraordinary. If you were to tell him that, in order to open the eyes of Christians, St. Paul brought the sun and moon down to the earth, and then made them rebound to their respective places like balloons, without the slightest inconvenience to any of the three planets, he would believe it without any difficulty: the Buddhist and Purana legends have wearied him in this respect; but, after the manner of the Chevalier de la Mancha, he would remind you of some still more incredible folly performed by his ideal type, Krishna."

### WHAT DOES IT SIGNIFY?

THE world it goes round,
And the people go mad;
When good can't be found,
We must put up with bad:
Go things as they will, I ne'er mind 'em,
But take 'em all just as I find 'em—
For what does it signify?

Your starch-looking folks,
Who shrug with grimace
At practical jokes,
Or a thing out of place,
Are monstrously troublesome creatures;
I laugh while they screw up their features—
For what does it signify?

A light heart must win,
All *must* allow that;
Gloom grunts and grows thin,
Mirth laughs and grows fat:
Your sour, crabbed folks are mere martyrs,
And tuck themselves up in their garters—
But what does it signify?

### LUXURIOUS LIVING IN SIBERIA.

AMONG the higher classes in Siberia there is no lack of refinement and luxurious living. All the elegances of St. Petersburg have been transferred to the mountains of the Ural, where officials of all sorts, and mining engineers, live in the "splendid style" affected by Western capitalists. With the refinements of civilization it will be seen that some of its bad habits flourish there also.

"A traveler from the most civilized parts of Europe, who should come here to gratify his curiosity, would not find a very remarkable difference between the style of living in this region among the wealthy and that of the same class in his own country. He would find the ladies handsomely clad in dresses made from the best products of the looms of France and England; and would be welcomed at the fireside, and on all occasions, with a generous hospitality seldom to be met with elsewhere. If asked to dinner, he would find placed on the board a repast that would not disgrace the best hotels of the same countries. Fish and game of every kind are most abundant here, and luxuries from far distant regions are not wanting. Wines of the finest quality, and in great variety, are ever found at their tables; the only drawback to comfort being the quantity of Champagne the traveler is obliged to drink. Their balls are elegant, and conducted with great propriety, and they dance well. The elder members of society spend their time at cards, risking much money in this way. It is deeply to be regretted that the young men are also much addicted to gambling—a pursuit which often ends in ruin here as elsewhere. During my stay in the Ural a young officer shot himself on account of his losses at cards. Even the fair sex in Ekaterineburg pass much of their time in card-playing. I am acquainted with one family where there are no less than eleven children; there is not a day in the year during which their mother spends less than five or six hours at cards, unless prevented by sickness; and when once she sits down to the card-table, husband, children, and all are forgotten. I know another lady here, the principal business of whose life is card-playing. She has a moderate income, and passes her days and most of her nights at cards; she has her daily rounds, and goes with as much exactness to her haunts as the most punctual merchant to his office. Ten o'clock in the morning is her hour of business, the tables are opened and the cards placed. If no one calls before this hour she goes forth to her usual occupation, and seeks some one among her friends who will sit down and play, if only for an hour. The game over at one place she goes to another, till she finds some one who will indulge her in a second rubber; and so the time passes until dinner. After dining she sleeps a couple of hours, and wakes quite fresh for her favorite pursuit. In the evening she has no difficulty, for many are willing to play: thus the time is spent until a late hour."—*Atkinson.*

### THE LACE-MERCHANT'S DOG.

WHO would have imagined that a dog had been made serviceable as a clerk, and thus gained for his master upward of a hundred thousand crowns? And yet an incident like this happened a few years since in Europe.

One of those industrious beings who know how to make a chaldron of coals out of a billet of wood, determined, in extreme poverty, to engage in trade. He preferred that of the merchandise which occupied the least space, and was calculated to yield the most profit. He borrowed a small sum of money from a friend, and repairing to Flanders, he there bought pieces of lace, which, without any danger, he smuggled into France in the following manner:

He trained an active spaniel to his purpose. He caused him to be shaved, and procured for him the skin of another dog, of the same hue and the same shape. He then rolled the lace around the body of his dog, and put over it the garment of the stranger so adroitly that it was impossible to discover the trick. The lace thus arranged in his pedestrian bandbox, he would say to his docile messenger, "Forward, my friend!" At these words the dog would start and pass boldly through the gates of Malines or Valenciennes, in the face of the vigilant officers placed there to prevent smuggling. Having passed the bounds, he would wait for his master at a little distance in the open country. There they mutually caressed and feasted, and the merchant placed his packages in a place of security, renewing his occupation as necessity required.

Such was the success of the smuggler that in five or six years he amassed a handsome fortune, and kept his coach. Envy pursues the prosperous. A mischievous neighbor betrayed the lace merchant, and, notwithstanding his efforts to disguise his dog, he was suspected, watched, and discovered.

How far does the cunning of some animals extend! Did the spies of the custom-house expect him at one gate, he saw them at a distance, and instantly went toward the other. Were the gates shut against him, he overcame every obstacle—sometimes he leaped over the wall: at others passed secretly behind a carriage, or running between the legs of travelers, he would thus accomplish his aim. One day, however, while swimming in a stream near Malines, he was shot, and died in the water. There was then about him five thousand crowns' worth of lace; the loss of which did not affect the master, but he was inconsolable for the loss of his faithful dog.

### MARRIAGES ARE MADE IN HEAVEN.

UPON this James Kelly, the collector of the Scottish proverbs, observes, "If marriages be made in heaven, some had few friends there"—a jocular remark which appears to us more accordant with the real spirit of the proverb than Trench's unctuous comment. "A proverb," he says, "of such religious depth and beauty it would have been quite impossible for all antiquity to have produced, or even remotely to have apprehended." This is quite beside the mark; for there is no religious depth at all in the proverb, and its beauty consists only in its apt expression of this true but commonplace observation, that it is not forethought, inclination, or mutual fitness that has the largest share in bringing couples together in matrimony. More efficient than all these is the force of circumstances, or what people commonly call chance, fate, fortune, destiny, and so forth, as often as they find it making naught of their calculations, and bringing about results they had not dreamed of. In the French version of the adage—"Marriages are written in heaven"—we find the special formula of Oriental fatalism, and fatalism is every where the popular creed respecting marriage. Witness the Scotch proverb, "A man may woo where he pleases, but he must wed where his hap is." Hence, as Shakspeare says,

"The ancient saying is no heresy,
Hanging and wooing go by destiny."

### VENICE.

ONCE did she hold the gorgeous East in fee,
And was the safeguard of the West; the worth
Of Venice did not fall below her birth.
Venice, the eldest child of Liberty—
She was a maiden city, bright and free.
No guile seduced, no force could violate;
And when she took unto herself a mate,
She must espouse the everlasting sea.
And, what if she had seen those glories fade,
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay;
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
When her long life had reached its final day:
Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
Of that which once was great is passed away.

### NEVER BE HAUGHTY.

A HUMMING-BIRD met a butterfly, and, being pleased with the beauty of its person and glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship. "I can not think of it," was the reply, "as you once spurned me, and called me a drawling dolt." "Impossible!" exclaimed the humming-bird. "I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you." "Perhaps you do now," said the other; "but when you insulted me I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a piece of advice: never insult the humble, as they may, some day, become your superiors."

### EDUCATION.

EDUCATION does not profess to give the gifts of God, by creating abilities in man, but merely to draw such out as are inherent within him, so that he may be enabled to apply them to his comfort and happiness in life. Schools are arenas for mental training—places for mental gymnastics—where, by systematic effort and exercise, the feeble man may become strong.

## THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

SOME years since I happened, in company with a number of others, at the house of Colonel H——, a planter, away down South. After having regaled ourselves with a social puff at the weed, the Colonel said, "Now, gents, let us take a drink all round." To this appeal there was neither remonstrance nor a negative. The glasses having been duly emptied, "Now, gents," said the Colonel, "let us have another smoke. I always make it a rule to drink right away after smoking, and to smoke right after drinking." And he did it. He lived up to his own doctrine.

Judge Holmes, of the northern part of the State of New York, is one of the most celebrated wits of that portion of our "great country." The Judge has a son who was formerly known as "a hard case," but who, I am happy to say, has now "joined the Sons" and reformed. The young gentleman inherited a great portion of his father's brilliant wit, and he sometimes even got a *leetle* the best of the Governor.

The Judge was invited to lecture in a little village some miles distant from his place of residence, and his son accompanied him. During the delivery of the lecture, a refractory child in the audience kept up an incessant squalling. The lecture was, however, gone through with, and the Judge and his son got into their carriage and started for home. After riding some distance in silence, the Judge said:

"Don't you think, Henry, that that child disturbed the audience very much?"

"Why no, father," said Henry, "I didn't observe that they were kept awake by it."

In a certain town of Massachusetts was an old-fashioned country tavern, kept by an inveterate wag named Davis. On a cold wintry day a good-looking Irishman, who was passing through the village, called at the tavern to warm himself. The landlord and several of his neighbors sat cozily chatting before the fire, and politely made way for the traveler to take a seat among them. "A cowld day," says he. Affirmed unanimously. "An what's the news?" says he. "There is nothing new," replied the host, "only"—in his dry way—"they say the devil's dead." "An sure," says Pat, "that is news indade." After a while he arose, walked across the room, placed some coppers on the bar, returned to the fire, and resumed his seat. The landlord also having gone to the bar, inquired of the traveler what he'd have to drink for his money. "Nothing at all at all," was the reply. "Why then did you lay this money here?" "An sure, Sir," replied Pat, "it's the custom in me own counthry, when a chap loses his daddy, to give him a few coppers to help him pay for the wake."

In one of the picturesque hill-top towns of Western Virginia there lived an ardent spirit. Once, after indulging in a daily drink, he formed the purpose of attempting to fly; and, to obtain a starting-point, climbed the sign-post of the village inn. Upon this elevation poised, with arms for wings, he struck out boldly into the yielding atmosphere. Gravity—not that of the bystanders—brought him to the ground with consequences. The next day our *soreing* friend was asked how he "liked flying?" "Oh!" said he, "it's nothing *to fly*, but it's mighty hard *to light*."

A hen in Lynn having made the most devoted efforts for the proper incubation of a nest of eggs, one of the eggs very obstinately remained unhatched, and on breaking it open it was discovered that the duly formed shell contained only a common *bottle cork!*

A little five-year-old friend of ours was the other day puzzled, as many an older head has been, in trying to form an idea of the *spirit* as distinct from the *body*. We endeavored to explain. "You said you loved me just now?" "Oh, yes—*best!*" "What do you love with, your forehead?" "No." "Your hand? your foot? your cheek? your eyes?" "No—no—" and the inquiring hand fluttered from one member to another as they were mentioned, pausing at last over the *heart*, with a triumphant "Oh, I know *now* what I love with—it's—it's—it's *the piece that joggles!*"

A Western pettifogger once broke forth in the following indignant strain: "Sir, we're enough for ye, the hull of ye. Me and my client can't never be intimidated nor tyrannized over; mark that. And, Sir, just so sure as this court decides against us, we'll file a writ of progander, Sir, and we—" Here he was interrupted by the opposite counsel, who wanted to know what he meant by a writ of progander. "Mean? why, Sir, a writ of progander is a—a—a—it's a— Wal, I don't just remember the exact word, but it's what will knock thunder out of your one-horse courts anyhow."

Few men have a readier excuse for their homage than the Grecian sage, who, being asked why philosophers always ran after rich men, while rich men never courted philosophers, replied, "Because the latter know they want money, while the former haven't sense enough to know they want wisdom."

We have heard a woman of the world say, "The state of widowhood is inconvenient—for one must assume all the modesty of a young girl, without being able to feign her ignorance."

A henpecked husband says that, instead of himself and wife being one, they are ten; for she is 1 and he is 0.

The book-keeper who fell from a column of figures is still in a critical state.

Meriam, the philosopher of Brooklyn Heights, calculates the whole depth of all the rain and snow (if melted) which has fallen within thirty-two years at about one hundred and fifteen feet. If it had all remained where it fell, the largest merchant ships might sail direct from Albany to Quebec. How fortunate it is that it "dried up!"

There is a woman in Blackwell's Island Lunatic Asylum who thinks the Roman Catholics are trying to build a cathedral in her stomach.

A favorite mode of introduction in Brazil is said to be: "This is my friend; if he steals any thing from you, I am responsible for it."

Has a finer thought ever been penned than that Knowles put into the mouth of Virginius?

"I hear a voice so soft that nothing comes
'Twixt it and silence!"

The Northampton *Courier* vouches for the truth of a statement that a dog, sold in Canada by a resident of Vermont, a year or two since, waited until the St. Lawrence River had frozen over, traveled back to his old home, a distance of more than a hundred miles, and then, being ordered back by his former master, returned to his quarters in the Queen's dominions, where he has since remained a faithful subject.

A Wisconsin correspondent of the Rochester *Union* states that, in going from Prairie du Chien to La Crosse, a few days ago, a singular scene was presented on the steamboat. At one end of the long saloon a clergyman was preaching to a small crowd gathered around him; in the middle gambling was in busy progress; and at the other extremity of the saloon there was music and dancing.

A few days since a rough, country-looking fellow entered one of our city banks, and marching up to the counter, exclaimed, "Here I am; I want you to take a fair look at me." Without saying a word further he strode out. The next day the same customer appeared, uttered the same words, and again disappeared. The third day at about the same time, he walked in, and advancing to the teller's desk, threw down a draft payable three days after sight. "Now," said he, "you've seen me three times, I want the money for it."

A machine for "pumping" witnesses is among the hydraulics patented last week. The inventor is first cousin to the old man who made leather spikes.

A young lady thus describes her feeling, and courts sympathy—

My heart is sick, my heart is sad,
But, oh! the cause I dare not tell;
I am not grieved, I am not glad,
I am not ill, I am not well!
I'm not myself—I'm not the same;
I am indeed, I know not what;
I'm changed in all, except in name—
Oh when shall I be changed in THAT!

One of Molière's best characters is Alceste, in "The Misanthrope," who neglected the precautions of prudence, and allowed a lawsuit which he might have gained to be lost by default, for the purpose of seeing "*how far human wickedness could go.*"

In the hearing of an Irish case for an assault and battery, a counsel, while cross-examining one of the witnesses, asked him what they had at the first place they stopped at? "Four glasses of ale." "What next?" "Two glasses of whisky." "What next?" "One glass of brandy." "What next?" "A fight."

## FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, Feb.* 22, 1858.

THE movement of contraction of trade and aggregation of money at the financial centres continues with unabated vigor. The foreign trade of the port last week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

| | Imports. | Exports. |
|---|---|---|
| Week ending Feb. 20, 1858 | $2,488,055 | $1,577,894 |
| Corresponding week, 1857 | 5,064,657 | 1,460,308 |
| Decrease | $2,576,002 | |
| Increase | | $117,586 |

Since 1st January the imports at this port foot up over twenty millions less than they were to same date last year. The spring trade will decidedly be dull, but the country will be none the worse on that account, and business will revive in the fall with all the more vigor.

Of specie there was last week $641,688 exported against the California arrival, so that the Banks will probably show over thirty-one millions this evening. Exchange rules at 109½ @ 109¾ on London, and 5.16 @ 5.14 on Paris. At these rates it will hardly pay to ship specie.

We learn by the *Africa* that the Bank of England has reduced the rate of discount to 3½, and that money is abundant in Lombard Street at 2½, and even 2 per cent. Every thing indicates still more strikingly than heretofore the imminence of an unprecedented plethora of money at the financial centres.

The upward movement in the Stock Exchange continued throughout the first three days of the past week, but was checked on Friday and Saturday. Since this day last week, however, we note an improvement of from 2 to 5 per cent. in the leading railway securities, while State stocks are quiet.

## WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, February* 22, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets during the past week have been quite active for Flour, which has been in lively demand, chiefly for home use, at strengthening prices. The receipts have been light, and the available supply has been reduced. Wheat has advanced, but the receipts and sales have been very limited. Corn has been pretty freely offered and purchased at firmer rates. Rye and Oats attracted more attention at buoyant quotations.... Cotton opened briskly at very full prices, but for a few days past it has been less sought after at easier rates, closing rather quietly yet steadily....Groceries were in good demand at generally firmer prices....Provisions opened with a pretty active inquiry at rising prices, especially for hog products, but these close heavily and languidly....Dry Cod and Massachusetts Mackerel have been more sought after, and have slightly advanced.... Malaga Raisins were brisker and dearer....Hay was less freely offered, and was in fair request at rising prices.... Hides and Naval Stores were more inquired for at improved rates....Wool was dull, and to cash buyers, domestic was available at an average reduction of 3 c. per pound from the highest rates of the season....The Dry Goods trade is moderately active. The demand is mainly from Southern buyers, there being a very slack inquiry from Western dealers. Standard fabrics are generally firm, and in prices of unbleached Cotton Goods some improvement is perceptible. Auction sales are still numerous, but are gradually becoming less important and less attractive .... The week's import of Dry Goods amounted to $1,289,126 against $1,194,173 the corresponding week in 1857. The imports since the 1st of January have been $7,216,116 against $20,627,596 same time in 1857....The movements in other commodities were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl. | $4 25 | @ | $4 65 |
| Superfine to fancy Western do. " | 4 30 | @ | 4 65 |
| Extra Western Flour, per barrel | 4 45 | @ | 7 50 |
| Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel | 4 40 | @ | 7 00 |
| Super to Extra Canadian, per barrel | 4 30 | @ | 5 50 |
| Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel | 4 75 | @ | 8 25 |
| Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl. | 3 00 | @ | 4 00 |
| Corn Meal, per barrel | 3 00 | @ | 3 50 |
| White Wheat, per bushel | 1 10 | @ | 1 42½ |
| Red Wheat, per bushel | 96 | @ | 1 22½ |
| New Crop Corn, per bushel | 70 | @ | 71 |
| Rye, per bushel | 70 | @ | 72½ |
| Barley, per bushel | 70 | @ | 78 |
| Western Oats, per bushel | 45 | @ | 47 |
| State Oats, per bushel | 44 | @ | 46 |
| Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel | 35 | @ | 40 |
| Southern Oats, per bushel | 28 | @ | 36 |
| Cotton, middlings, per pound | 11¾ | @ | 12 |
| Mess Pork, per barrel | 16 60 | @ | 16 75 |
| Prime Pork, per barrel | 13 25 | @ | 13 40 |
| Country Mess Beef, per barrel | 9 50 | @ | 11 00 |
| Country Prime Beef, per barrel | 6 50 | @ | 7 50 |
| Prime Mess Beef, per tierce | 21 00 | @ | 25 00 |
| Beef Hams, per barrel | 17 00 | @ | 18 00 |
| Cut Meats, per pound | 6½ | @ | 8½ |
| Lard, per pound | 9¾ | @ | 10 |
| State Butter, per pound | 15 | @ | 25 |
| Western Butter, per pound | 12 | @ | 17 |
| Cheese, per pound | 6½ | @ | 8½ |
| Rice, per 100 pounds | 2 75 | @ | 3 75 |
| Rio Coffee, per pound | 9½ | @ | 11½ |
| Cuba Sugar, per pound | 4½ | @ | 6½ |
| Cuba Molasses, per gallon | 20 | @ | 23 |
| New Orleans Sugar, per pound | 5 | @ | 7 |
| New Orleans Molasses, per gallon | 30 | @ | — |
| Hyson Teas, per pound | 25 | @ | 60 |
| Oolong Teas, per pound | 28 | @ | 50 |
| Domestic Whisky, per gallon | 22½ | @ | 23 |
| Bale Hay, per 100 pounds | 55 | @ | 75 |
| Hops, Crop of 1857, per pound | 4½ | @ | 9 |
| Kentucky Tobacco, per pound | 6½ | @ | 18 |
| Seed Leaf Tobacco, per pound | 9 | @ | 35 |
| American Fleece Wool, per pound | 27 | @ | 45 |
| American pulled Wool, per pound | 20 | @ | 33 |
| Dry Cod, per hundred weight | 3 25 | @ | 3 62½ |
| Mass. Mackerel, No. 1, small, per barrel | 10 25 | @ | 10 37½ |
| " " No. 2, large, " | 8 75 | @ | 9 25 |
| " " No. 3, medium, " | 8 00 | @ | — |
| Bunch Raisins, per box | 2 50 | @ | — |
| Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds | 3 75 | @ | 3 87½ |
| Spirits Turpentine, per gallon | 49 | @ | 50 |
| Common Rosin, per 310 pounds | 1 45 | @ | 1 48 |

Freights were moderately active, and rates were sustained. For Liverpool, Cotton 5-32d. per pound; Flour, 1s. 9d. @ 2s. per barrel; Grain, 4½d. @ 6d. per bushel; Rosin, 2s. per barrel; Pork, 2s. 6d. per barrel; Beef, 3s. 6d. per tierce; and Heavy Goods, 20s. per ton. For other ports proportionate figures. The number of vessels, of all classes, in port on Saturday was 526.

The Live Stock Markets were well supplied with Beeves last Wednesday, and as the demand was not active, prices tended downward. The cattle offered were of unusually good quality....Milch Cows were in very slack request at previous figures....Veal Calves were lightly purchased at old prices, with more offering.... Sheep and Lambs were in moderate demand at former rates....Swine were less abundant, and were more sought after at strengthening quotations....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare thus:

| | Week ending Feb. 10. | Week ending Feb. 17. |
|---|---|---|
| Beeves | 2,700 | 3,030 |
| Milch Cows | 134 | 172 |
| Veal Calves | 370 | 411 |
| Sheep and Lambs | 6,860 | 6,602 |
| Swine | 1,505 | — |

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| New York | 941 | Indiana | 35 |
| Ohio | 642 | New Jersey | 29 |
| Illinois | 518 | Michigan | 16 |
| Virginia | 147 | Maryland | 14 |
| Pennsylvania | 62 | Connecticut | 2 |

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Poor to premium Beeves, per pound | $ 7 | @ | $ 12½ |
| Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head | 25 00 | @ | 60 00 |
| Veal Calves, per pound | 5 | @ | 7½ |
| Sheep and Lambs, per head | 1 75 | @ | 7 00 |
| " " per pound | 8 | @ | 11 |
| Live Swine, per pound | 4½ | @ | 6½ |
| Dressed " " | 6 | @ | 7½ |

The wintry weather during the past week has had the effect of curtailing the receipts of Country Produce, and the various markets have been rather sparingly supplied, especially with Vegetables, yet the demand has been very slack, and prices have not varied remarkably.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Apples, per barrel | $2 50 | @ | $4 75 |
| Apples, dried, per pound | 5½ | @ | 7½ |
| Peaches, dried, per pound | 17 | @ | 19 |
| Plums, dried, per pound | 18 | @ | 20 |
| Hickory Nuts, per bushel | 2 25 | @ | 2 50 |
| Chestnuts, per bushel | 2 00 | @ | 2 50 |
| Peanuts, per bushel | 70 | @ | 1 00 |
| Cranberries, per barrel | 8 50 | @ | 11 50 |
| Potatoes, per barrel | 1 75 | @ | 3 75 |
| " per bushel | 45 | @ | 1 00 |
| " sweet, per barrel | 4 50 | @ | 5 00 |
| Onions, per barrel | 1 25 | @ | 3 00 |
| Turnips, per barrel | 25 | @ | 50 |
| Beets, per barrel | 1 25 | @ | 1 37 |
| Cabbages, per 100 | 4 00 | @ | 5 00 |
| " Red, per dozen | 1 00 | @ | 1 25 |
| Parsnips, per barrel | 1 00 | @ | 1 25 |
| Carrots, per barrel | 1 12½ | @ | 1 25 |
| Leeks, per 100 | 3 00 | @ | 4 00 |
| Celery, per dozen | 1 00 | @ | 1 25 |
| Garlic, per 100 | 5 00 | @ | — |
| Eggs, Limed, per dozen | 11 | @ | 12 |
| Eggs, Fresh, per dozen | 16 | @ | 16½ |
| Chickens, per pound | 11 | @ | 13 |
| Fowls, per pound | 10 | @ | 13 |
| Guinea Fowl, per pair | 44 | @ | 50 |
| Ducks, per pound | 14 | @ | 18 |
| " per pair | 75 | @ | 1 25 |
| Turkeys, per pound | 10 | @ | 14 |
| Geese, per pound | 9 | @ | 11 |
| Pigeons, per dozen | 2 25 | @ | 3 00 |
| Prairie Hens, per pair | 1 25 | @ | 1 50 |
| Partridge, per pair | 1 00 | @ | 1 25 |
| Quail, per dozen | 5 00 | @ | 5 50 |
| Roasting Pigs | 1 25 | @ | 2 50 |
| Rabbits, each | 18 | @ | 25 |
| Hares, each | 37 | @ | 50 |
| Squirrels, each | 5 | @ | 8 |
| Venison, per pound | 9 | @ | 15 |

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